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TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS

IN

CANADA WEST;

OR,

4 & 166

HE EXPERIENCE OF AN EARLY SETTLER.

BY MAJOR Samuel STRICKLAND, C.M.

EDITED BY AGNES STRICKLAND,

AUTHOR OF "THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND," ETC.

And when those toils rewarding,
Broad lands at length they 'll claim,
They 'll call the new possession
By some familiar name.
AGNES STRICKLAND.—*Historic Scenes.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

No one can give an adequate view of the general life of a colonist, unless he has been one himself. Unless he has experienced all the various gradations of colonial existence, from that of the pioneer in the backwoods and the inhabitánt of a shanty, up to the epoch of his career, when he becomes the owner, by his own exertions, of a comfortable house and well-cleared farm, affording him the comforts and many of the luxuries of civilization, he is hardly competent to write on such a subject. I have myself passed through all these grades. I have had the honour of filling many colonial appointments, such as Commissioner of the Court of Requests, and Justice of the Peace. My commisson in her Majesty's Militia, and my connection with the Canada Company, have also afforded me some opportunities of acquiring additional information. I was in the Company's service during the early settlement of Guelph and also of Goderich,

in the Huron tract. I am, therefore, as intimately acquainted with those flourishing settlements as with the townships in my own county of Peterborough.

Upon my return to my native country in August, on a visit to my venerable mother, I was advised by my family to give my colonial experience to the world in a plain, practical manner. I followed the flattering suggestions of relatives so distinguished for literary attainments, and so dear to my affections, and "Twenty-seven Years in Canada West; or, The Experience of an Early Settler," is the result of my compliance with their wishes.

The subject of colonization is, indeed, one of vital importance, and demands much consideration, for it is the wholesome channel through which the superfluous population of England and Ireland passes, from a state of poverty to one of comfort. It is true that the independence of the Canadian settler must be the fruit of his own labour, for none but the industrious can hope to obtain that reward. In fact, idle and indolent persons will not change their natures by going out to Canada. Poverty and discontent will be the lot of the sluggard in the Bush, as it was in his native land—nay, deeper poverty, for "he cannot

work, to beg he is ashamed," and if he be surrounded by a family, those nearest and dearest to him will share in his disappointment and regret.

But let the steady, the industrious, the cheerful man go forth in hope, and turn his talents to account in a new country, whose resources are not confined to tillage alone—where the engineer, the land-surveyor, the navigator, the accountant, the lawyer, the medical practitioner, the manufacturer, will each find a suitable field for the exercise of his talents; where, too, the services of the clergyman are much required, and the pastoral character is valued and appreciated as it ought to be.

To the artizan, the hand-loom weaver, and the peasant, Canada is indeed a true land of Goshen. In fact, the stream of migration cannot flow too freely in that direction. However numerous the emigrants may be, employment can be obtained for all.

That the industrial classes do become the richest men cannot be denied, because their artificial wants are fewer, and their labours greater than those of the higher ranks. However, the man of education and refinement will always keep the balance steady, and will hold offices in the Colony and responsible situations which his

richer but less learned neighbour can never fill with ease or propriety.

The Canadian settler possesses vast social advantages over other colonists. He has no convict neighbours—no cruel savages, now, to contend with—no war—no arid soil wherewith to contend. The land is, generally speaking, of a rich quality, and the colonist has fire-wood for the labour of cutting, fish for the catching, game for the pleasant exercise of hunting and shooting in Nature's own preserves, without the expense of a licence, or the annoyance of being warned off by a surly gamekeeper.

The climate of Canada West is healthier and really pleasanter than that of England or Ireland. The cold is bracing, and easily mitigated by good fires and warm clothing; but it is not so really chilling as the damp atmosphere of the mother-country. Those who have not visited the Canadas are apt to endow the Upper Province with the severe climate of the Lower one, whereas that of Western Canada is neither so extremely hot nor so cold as many districts of the United States.

Emigration to Canada is no longer attended with the difficulties and disadvantages experienced by the early settlers, of which such lamentable, and perhaps exaggerated accounts have frequently

issued from the press. The civilizing efforts of the Canada Company have covered much of the wild forest-land with smiling corn-fields and populous villages. Indeed, the liberal manner in which the Company have offered their lands on sale or lease, have greatly conduced to the prosperity of the Western Province.

If the facts and suggestions contained in the following pages should prove useful and beneficial to the emigrant, by smoothing his rough path to comfort and independence, my object will be attained, and my first literary effort will not have been made in vain.

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TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS IN CANADA WEST.

CHAPTER I.

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A PREFERENCE for an active, rather than a professional life, induced me to accept the offer made by an old friend, of joining him at Darlington, in Upper Canada, in the year 1825. I therefore took leave of my family and pleasant home, in Suffolk, and engaged a passage in the brig "William M'Gilevray," commanded by William Stoddart, an experienced American seaman.

On the 28th of March we left the London Docks, and dropped down the river to Gravesend, and on the following day put our pilot ashore

off Deal, and reached down as far as the coast of Sussex, where we were becalmed for two days. Here one of our cabin-boys, a German, met with a very serious accident by falling down the after hatchway, and fracturing several of his ribs. On this occasion I officiated as a surgeon, and bled him twice, with excellent effect, for he quickly recovered from the severe injury he had received. Before quitting Suffolk I had learned the art of blood-letting from our own medical attendant. Every person intending to settle in a distant colony ought to acquire this simple branch of surgery : I have often exercised it myself for the benefit of my fellow-creatures when no medical assistance could be procured.

It blew so fresh for two or three days, that we made up for our lost time, and were soon out of sight of Scilly : then I bade a long farewell to old England. I had often been on the sea before, but this was my first long voyage ; every object, therefore, was new to me. I caught some birds in the rigging—they were of a species unknown to me, but very beautiful. Being in want, too, of something to do, I amused myself with cleaning the captain's guns, which I hoped to use for our joint benefit before the end of the voyage.

The 18th and 19th of April were very stormy :

the sea ran mountains high; we had a foot of water in the cabin, and all hands were at the pumps to lessen the growing evil. The gale lasted till the following morning. In the night the aurora borealis was particularly brilliant; but though the storm lulled, the wind was against us. On the 26th of April, I saw a whale, and, boy-like, fired at the huge creature: the shot must have hit him, for he made the water fly in all directions.

To vary the monotony of a sea-life, I sometimes played draughts with the mate, whom I always beat; but he took his defeats in good part, being a very easy-tempered fellow.

I awoke on the 21st of April literally wet to my skin by the deluge of water pouring down the cabin. I dressed myself in great haste and hurried upon deck to learn the cause of this disaster, which I found originated in the coming on of a terrible hurricane, which would not permit us to show a stitch of canvas, and found us continual employment at the pumps; my chest in the cabin shipped a sea which did not improve the appearance of my wardrobe. The following day we had calmer weather, and pursued our course steadily, no longer exposed to the fury of the elements.

On the following day I killed several birds, and

saw two whales and many porpoises. The weather was foggy, but the wind favourable for us. As we were near the bank of Newfoundland, we got our fishing tackle-ready, with the hope of mending our fare with cod; but the water was not calm enough for the purpose, and the fish would not bite. We passed over the Great Bank without any danger, though the wind was high and the sea rough.

On the 29th of April we fell in with some icebergs. A more magnificent and imposing spectacle cannot be conceived; but it is very fearful and sufficiently appalling. Suddenly, we found ourselves close to an immense body of ice, whose vicinity had been concealed from us by the denseness of the fog. Our dangerous neighbour towered in majestic grandeur in the form of a triple cone rising from a square base, and surpassed the tallest cathedral in altitude. The centre cone being cleft in the middle by the force of the waves, displayed the phenomenon of a waterfall, the water rushing into the sea from the height of thirty feet. If the sun had pierced the vapoury veil which concealed it from our view, the refraction of his rays would have given to the ice the many-coloured tints of the rainbow. We took care to keep a good look out; but the fog was

thick. We fell in with many other icebergs; but none so beautiful as this.

We doubled Cape Ray, and entered, on the 5th of May, the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The thermometer fell many degrees—a change caused by the vicinity of the ice. On the 5th of May we passed the Bird Rocks, three in number, to windward, so called from the immense number of geese and aquatic birds which resort thither to rear their broods. These rocks rise to the height of four hundred feet, perpendicularly from the sea. The fishermen, nevertheless, contrive to climb them for the sake of the eggs they find there.

The 6th of May found us in the river St. Lawrence, between the westernmost point of Anticosti to the north, and Cape Gaspè to the south, in the middle of the channel, surrounded by ships tacking up the stream, bound for Quebec and Montreal. We had plenty of sea-room, as the river was more than ninety miles in breadth, and it is supposed to be full a hundred at its *embouchure*.

The land was partially covered with snow, which fell throughout the day. On the 8th of May we sailed as far as the Seven Islands. The day was glorious, and the prospect most beautiful. Our vicinity to "the cold and pitiless Labrador," rendered the air chilly, and we could hear the howling of the

wolves at night, to me a new and dismal sound. The aurora borealis was particularly splendid, for the air was clear and frosty.

On the 10th of May we stood for the Island of Bic, and took on board a pilot. He was a handsome young man, a French-Canadian, under whose guidance we made the place, but we were becalmed before it for the whole forenoon.

The beauty of the scenery atoned, however, for the delay. Nothing, indeed, could surpass it in my eyes, which had then only been accustomed to the highly-cultivated and richly-wooded tracts in Suffolk and Norfolk, and therefore dwelt with wonder and delight upon the picturesque shores and lofty heights that crowned the noble St. Lawrence.

The wind changing in our favour, carried us swiftly up the stream, which was still thirty-six miles in breadth, though distant 280 miles from the Gulf. We passed Green Island and the Kamouraska Island, and Goose and Crane Islands. These beautiful islets, which stud the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, are evidently of volcanic origin. That of Kamouraska displays vast masses of granite, which rise in the form of conical hills, one of which attains the height of five hundred feet. The same features are discernible in the

Penguins, and even the strata about Quebec still indicate the same mysterious agency.*

Our progress through the river continually presented the new continent in an attractive point of view. The shores were dotted with farm-houses and adorned with fine gardens and orchards, while lovely islands, covered with lofty trees, rose from the river and delighted the eye. I thought Canada then—and I have never changed my opinion since—the most beautiful country in the world.

On the 13th of May we passed the Island of Orleans, which we no sooner rounded than the Falls of Montmorenci burst upon my sight. I was unprepared for the scene, which I contemplated in silent astonishment. No words written down by the man, at this distance of time, can describe the vivid feelings of the boy. I have since beheld the mighty cataracts of Niagara, so finely described by its Indian name, "The Thunder of Waters;" but I concur in the general opinion, that if those of Niagara are more stupendous, the Falls of Montmorenci are more beautiful and picturesque.

Quebec soon came in view, with its strong fortress crowning the imposing height of Cape Diamond. No one can look upon the old capital of Canada without remembering that the most

* "Encyclopædia of Geography," p. 1304.

gallant British soldier of the age fell in the battle that added the colony to the other dependencies of the English crown.

I remembered, too, with some pleasure, that the paternal dining-room contained a looking-glass—one of the fine old Venetian plates, framed with ebony, which had once formed a part of the General's personal property. It had been for two centuries in his family, but had since become a valued heir-loom in mine. His manly features must often have been reflected on its brilliant surface, and that circumstance, which had formerly endeared it to his aged mother, had made it prized by mine.

We have also a bureau, very complete, but evidently constructed more for use than ornament, which might have once contained the papers of this distinguished soldier, while the book-case, to which it was annexed, had probably held his little library. His cruet-stand, which looks as if it had been made in the patriarchal times, is still in use at Reydon Hall.

The reader must pardon this digression, since distinguished worth and valour give an interest even to trivial objects.

Quebec consists of two towns, the Upper and Lower, and is adorned with a cathedral, whose metallic roof glitters in the sun like a vast dia-

mond. Indeed, the tin-roofs of the churches and public buildings give this city a splendid look on a bright sunshiny day, testifying, moreover, to the dryness of the air. Captain Stoddart took me all over this curious city, and kindly introduced me to one of the partners of a great mercantile house, who invited us both to dinner. We regaled ourselves on smelts, fillet of veal, and old English roast beef, to which hospitable meal we did ample justice, not forgetting to pledge our absent friends in bumpers of excellent wine.

The inhabitants of Quebec are very kind to strangers, and are a fine race of people. French is spoken here—not, however, very purely, being a *patois* as old as the time of Henry IV. of France, when this part of Canada was first colonized; but English is generally understood by the mercantile classes.

This city is visited, at intervals, with slight shocks of earthquake.* Nothing serious has yet followed this periodical phenomenon. But will this visitation be only confined to the mountain range north of Quebec, where the great earthquake that convulsed a portion of the globe in 1663 has left visible marks of its influence, by overturning the sand-stone rocks of a tract ex-

* Lyell's "Elements of Geology."

tending over three hundred miles?* Quebec contains several nunneries, for the French inhabitants are mostly Roman catholics. The nuns are very useful to emigrants, who have often been bountifully relieved by these charitable vestals, who employ themselves in nursing the sick and feeding the hungry.

The inhabitants—or *habitans*, as the French Canadians are usually termed—are an amiable, hospitable, simple people, kind in manner, and generous in disposition. The women are lively and agreeable, and as fond of dress in Quebec as in other civilized places. They are pretty in early youth in the Lower Province, but lose their complexions sooner than the English ladies, owing, perhaps, to the rigour of the climate.† However, they possess charms superior to beauty, and seem to retain the affections of their husbands to the last hour of their lives.

Short as was my stay in Quebec, I could not leave without regret the hospitable city where I had received from strangers such a warm welcome. I have never visited the Lower Province since; but my remembrance of its old capital is still as

* "Encyclopædia of Geography."

† Mac Taggart's "Three Years' Residence in Canada."

agreeable as it is distinct. The next day our brig was taken in tow by the fine steam-boat, the "Richelieu de Chambly," and with a leading wind and tide in our favour we proceeded at a rapid rate up the river.

I shall not attempt to describe the charming scenery of this most beautiful of all rivers, which has already been so amply described by abler writers. I was delighted with everything I saw; but nothing occurred worthy of narration.

The next day saw us safely moored in the port of Montreal, just forty-five days from our departure from the London Docks. Montreal is a handsome town, well situated, and must eventually become the most important city in British North America. The river here is very broad. The Lachine rapids commence immediately above the town, which are an impediment to the navigation, now obviated by a canal terminating at the village of Lachine, I believe nine miles distant from Montreal.

I took my passage in a Durham boat, bound for Kingston, which started the next day. We had hard work poling up the rapids. I found I had fallen in with a rough set of customers, and determined in my own mind to leave them as soon as possible, which I happily effected the next

evening when we landed at Les Cèdres. Here the great Otawá pours its mighty stream into the St. Lawrence, tinging its green waters with a darker hue, which can be traced for miles, till it is ultimately lost in the rapids below.

I now determined to walk to Prescot, where I knew I should be able to take the steam-boat for Kingston, on Lake Ontario. At the Coteau du Lac I fell in with a Roman Catholic Irishman, named Mooney. We travelled in company for three days, and as I had nothing else to do, I thought I might as well make an effort to convert him. However, I signally failed; and only endangered my own head by my zeal.

In the heat of argument and the indiscretion of youth, I used expressions which the Papist considered insulting to his religion. He was not one to put up patiently with this, so he would fire up, twirl his blackthorn round his head, and say, "By St. Patrick, you had better not say that again!" In everything else we agreed well enough; but I found, on parting, that all my eloquence had been entirely thrown away. Mr. Mooney remained just as firm a Roman Catholic as ever. Indeed, it was the height of presumption in me, a boy in my twentieth year, to attempt the conversion of such a strict Romanist as this Irishman.

The weather was excessively fine. The trees were just bursting into leaf. The islands in the St. Lawrence, which are here numerous, wore the brightest hues, and presented a charming contrast to the foaming rapids.

I remained two or three days at Prescot, waiting the arrival of my baggage, which I had left on board the Durham boat. I amused myself during the interval by taking walks in the neighbourhood. The land appeared very sandy, the timber being chiefly hemlock: the situation of the town is good. Steam-navigation commenced at this place, and now that the Welland Canal is completed, it affords an uninterrupted navigation be borne in mind that at the time of which I am to the head of Lakes Huron and Michigan. It must speaking (1825), the great St. Lawrence Canal and the Rideau were not commenced, but since their completion the Durham boats and small steamers have given place to a set of superb boats affording the best accommodation, whereby the passage from Montreal to Toronto can be performed at half the expense, and in one-third of the time.

My baggage having arrived, I left Prescot by boat in the evening for Kingston, at that time the second town both in size and importance in Canada West. It must, on account of its situation

as a military and naval post, always be a place of consequence. I fell in there with an old sea-dog, who had commanded a vessel, for many years trading between London and Quebec. He had had the misfortune to lose his vessel, which was wrecked on the rocks at Gaspè, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence. I was glad to find the friends I was going to reside with had come out passengers in his ship, and that the schooner he then commanded was bound for the Big-bay (now called Windsor), in the township of Whitby, within six or seven miles of my friends' residence, and that they would sail in two days at farthest.

On our passage from Prescot to Kingston we passed Brockville, which looked very pretty from the river, and soon afterwards we were threading our way through the intricacies of the Thousand Islands.* Who has not heard of the far-famed Thousand Islands—the Archipelago of the St. Law-

* "The Lake of the Thousand Isles. The expression was thought to be a vague exaggeration, till the Isles were officially surveyed, and found to amount to 1692. A sail through them presents one of the most singular and romantic succession of scenes that can be imagined—the Isles are of every size, form, height and aspect; woody, verdant, rocky; naked, smiling, barren; and they present as numerous a succession of bays, inlets, and channels as occur in all the rest of the continent put together."—"Encyclopædia of Geography," iv. 1321.

rence? Nothing can exceed the beauty of this spot. The river is here several miles in width, studded with innumerable islands, of every variety of form. The moon shone brightly on this lovely scene: not a ripple stirred the mirror-like bosom of the stream—

"There was not a breath the blue wave to curl."

The reflection of the trees in the water enhanced the natural beauties I have endeavoured to describe.

The next morning, June the 3rd, I embarked on board the schooner "Shamrock," on my way to Darlington. We passed the Duck islands towards evening, and found ourselves fairly launched on the bosom of the Great Ontario. We anchored next day opposite the town of Cobourg, then a small village, without a harbour, now a fine, handsome, well-built town, containing a population of nearly 4,000 inhabitants. A large sum of money has been laid out in the construction of a harbour, which appears to answer very well.

Cobourg is the county-town for the counties of Northumberland and Durham, which comprehend the following townships:—Darlington, Clarke, Hope, Hamilton, Haldimand, Cramache, Murray, Seymour, Percy, Alnwick, South Monaghan, Ca-

van, Manvers, and Cartwright. The soil of most of these townships is of excellent quality, particularly the fronts of Hamilton, Haldimand, and all Cavan, being generally composed of a deep rich loam.

These townships are well watered by numerous spring creeks, bounded to the north and east by the river Trent, Skugog and Rice Lakes; and to the south, for about sixty miles, by Lake Ontario. The chief towns are Cobourg, Port Hope, and Bournauville. As I shall have occasion in another place to speak more fully respecting these counties, I shall take my readers again on board the "Shamrock."

Our captain having to land some goods at Cobourg, we were detained there all night. He invited a few friends to pass the evening. A jolly set of fellows they were, and they initiated me into the mysteries of brewing whiskey-punch, a beverage I had never before tasted, and which I found very palatable. The song and the joke went round till the small hours warned us to retire.

On Sunday morning, June the 5th, I landed at the Big-bay (Windsor), in Whitby, and after bidding adieu to my fellow-voyagers, commenced my journey to my friends in Darlington on foot.

Whitby, at the time of which I am speaking, was only partially settled, and chiefly by Americans. This township is justly considered one of the best between Toronto and Kingston. At present the township is well settled and well-cultivated. Nearly all the old settlers are gone, and their farms have, for the most part, been purchased by old country farmers and gentlemen, the log-buildings having given place to substantial stone, brick, or frame houses. The village of Oshawa, in this township, now contains upwards of one thousand inhabitants, more than double the number the whole township could boast of when I first set foot on its soil.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL AT DARLINGTON.—KIND RECEPTION.—MY FRIEND'S LOCATION.—HIS INEXPERIENCE.—DAMAGE TO HIS LAND BY FIRE.—GREAT CONFLAGRATION AT MIRAMACHI. — FOREST FIRES. — MIGHTY CONFLAGRATION OF THE 6TH OF OCTOBER.—AFFECTING STORY OF A LUMBER-FOREMAN. — HIS PRESENCE OF MIND, AND WONDERFUL PRESERVATION. — THE SAD FATE OF HIS COMPANIONS.

I WAS now very near to my ark of refuge, and the buoyant spirit of early youth, with its joyous anticipations of a radiant future, bore me exultingly forward. It might have been said of me in the beautiful lines of the poet :—

"He left his home with a bounding heart,
For the world was all before him;
And he scarcely felt it a pain to part,
Such sun-bright hopes came o'er him." *

Two hours' brisk walking brought me to the long-looked-for end of my journey. I was received with the greatest kindness and hospitality; and, in a few days, felt quite at home and comfortable in my new quarters.

* Alaric A. Watts.

After some days' rest, I commenced operations by assisting my friend on the farm and in the store. From my practical knowledge of farming, acquired upon my mother's estate, I was soon installed as manager in that department.

Our farm contained upwards of two hundred acres of cleared land, the largest proportion of which consisted of meadows and pastures, but the soil was light and sandy, and altogether very indifferent. My friend, Colonel B—— had been imposed upon by the Yankee, of whom he had bought it,—and no wonder, when I tell you that my friend had formerly held a situation under Government, and had lived in London all his life.

Only the first three concessions of this township were settled at this time, the remainder of the land being generally in the hands of absentee proprietors. I am happy to say, the absentee-tax has had the effect of throwing vast quantities of these lands into the market.

This township, like Whitby, is now well settled, and though not generally equal in regard to soil, is still considered a good township. Bowmanville is the principal town, containing about twelve hundred inhabitants. In 1825 it only boasted a grist-mill, saw-mill, a store, and half-a-dozen houses. I mention this, merely to show how

much the country has improved in a few years. This is not an isolated fact—it applies to nearly all Canada West.

My intention was, to stay with my friends till the ensuing spring, and to get a little insight into Canadian farming, clearing land, &c., that I might have some experience before commencing operations on my own account.

The situation of my friend's house was close to the Toronto road, partly built of logs and frame-work : it had been designed by the former Yankee proprietor, and could certainly boast of no architectural beauties. We lived about a mile and a half from the lake shore, and I took advantage of my vicinity to the water to bathe daily. I found great refreshment in this, for the weather was very hot and dry. The drought lasted for some time, and among its consequences, I may mention the prevalence of extensive fires.* Several broke out in our neighbourhood, and,

* Fires in Canada are of frequent occurrence, and are generally caused by the burning of brush-wood or log-heaps by the settlers. In dry weather, with a brisk wind, the fire is apt to run on the surface of the ground in the bush, where the dry leaves are thickest. In clearing the land a good deal of brush-wood and tops of trees are thrown into the edge of the woods. It follows, as a matter of course, that the greatest danger to be apprehended is the burning the boundary-fences of farms. I have heard it asserted that these fires are sometimes caused by spontaneous combustion, which I consider altogether a fallacy.

at last, the mischief reached our own farm. It destroyed several thousand rails, and spread over forty or fifty acres of meadow land. We ultimately stopped its further progress in the clearing, by ploughing furrows round the fire, and a thunder-shower in the evening completed its extinction. Fire seldom runs in the woods on good land, and where the timber is chiefly deciduous, but on sandy, pine, or hemlock lands, or where evergreens chiefly prevail.

I have seldom known very serious damage by these fires done in Canada West, although occasionally a barn or house falls a sacrifice to the devouring element. Not so, however, in some parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where extensive conflagrations often devastate the country for miles round. Of such a character was the great fire at Miramichi, which nearly destroyed Fredericton, and was attended not only with an immense loss of property but with the sad loss of many valuable lives. I will presently give in his own forcible and feeling language the history of a lumberer who escaped from destruction after being for some time in imminent peril of his life. He was one of the few persons who had the good fortune of escaping the great conflagration in Miramichi, which broke out in the October after my

arrival, and excited so much general sympathy. Fifteen of his comrades perished in the flames.

The narrative which I introduce here, anticipating by a few months the proper order of narration, was related to me by the man himself with that native eloquence which often surprises, and always interests us in the uneducated. The class to which he belongs is one peculiar to America. Rough in manners, and often only half-civilized, the lumberer, as an individual, resembles little the woodsman of other lands. He is generally a Canadian Frenchman, or a breed between the Irish and the native of the Lower Province. However, some Yankees may be found among these denizens of the woods and wilds of Canada. The fearful conflagration to which our poor lumberer nearly fell a victim, has been thus ably described in M'Gregor's "British America." "In October, 1825, about a hundred and forty miles in extent, and a vast breadth of the country on the north, and from sixty to seventy miles on the south side of Miramachi river, became a scene of perhaps the most dreadful conflagration that has occurred in the history of the world.

"In Europe we can scarcely form a conception of the fury and rapidity with which fires rage through the forests of America during a dry hot

season, at which period the broken underwood, decayed vegetable substances, fallen branches, bark, and withered trees, are as inflammable as the absence of moisture can make them. To such irresistible food for combustion we must add the auxiliary afforded by the boundless fir-forests, every tree of which in its trunk, bark, branches, and leaves contains vast quantities of inflammable resin.

"When one of these fires is once in motion, or at least when the flames extend over a few miles of the forest, the surrounding air becomes highly rarefied, and the wind consequently increases till it blows a perfect hurricane. It appears, that the woods had been on both sides of the north-west partially on fire for some days, but not to an alarming extent until the 7th of October, when it came on to blow furiously from the westward, and the inhabitants along the river were suddenly surprised by an extraordinary roaring in the woods, resembling the crashing and detonation of loud and incessant thunder, while at the same instant the atmosphere became thickly darkened with smoke.

"They had scarcely time to ascertain the cause of this awful phenomenon before all the surrounding woods appeared in one vast blaze, the

flames ascending from one to two hundred feet above the tops of the loftiest trees; and the fire rolling forward with inconceivable celerity, presented the terribly sublime appearance of an impetuous flaming ocean. In less than an hour, Douglas Town and Newcastle were in a blaze: many of the wretched inhabitants perished in the flames. More than a hundred miles of the Miramichi were laid waste, independent of the north-west branch, the Baltibag, and the Nappen settlements. From one to two hundred persons perished within immediate observation, while thrice that number were miserably burned or wounded, and at least two thousand were left destitute of the means of subsistence, and were thrown for a time on the humanity of the Province of New Brunswick. The number of lives that were lost in the woods could not at the time be ascertained, but it was thought few were left to tell the tale.

"Newcastle presented a fearful scene of ruin and devastation, only fourteen out of two hundred and fifty houses and stores remained standing.

"The court-house, jail, church, and barracks, Messrs. Gilmour, Rankin, and Co.'s, and Messrs. Abrams and Co.'s establishment, with two ships on the stocks, were reduced to ashes.

"The loss of property is incalculable, for the fire, borne upon the wings of a hurricane, rushed on the wretched inhabitants with such inconceivable rapidity that the preservation of their lives could be their only care.

"Several ships were burned on shore, while others were saved from the flames by the exertions of their owners, after being actually on fire.

"At Douglas Town scarcely any kind of property escaped the ravages of the fire, which swept off the surface everything coming in contact with it, leaving but time for the unfortunate inhabitants to fly to the shore; and there, by means of boats, canoes, rafts of timber, logs, or any article, however ill calculated for the purpose, they endeavoured to escape from the dreadful scene and reach the town of Chatham, numbers of men, women, and children perishing in the attempt.

"In some parts of the country all the cattle were either destroyed or suffering greatly, for the very soil was parched and burnt up, while scarcely any article of provision was rescued from the flames.

"The hurricane raged with such dreadful violence, that large bodies of timber on fire, as well as trees from the forest and parts of the flaming houses and stores, were carried to the rivers with

amazing velocity, to such an extent and affecting the water in such a manner, as to occasion large quantities of salmon and other fish to resort to land, hundreds of which were scattered on the shores of the south and west branches.

"Chatham was filled with three hundred miserable sufferers: every hour brought to it the wounded and burned in the most abject state of distress. Great fires raged about the same time in the forests of the River St. John, which destroyed much property and timber, with the governor's house, and about eighty private houses at Fredericton. Fires raged also at the same time in the northern parts of the Province, as far as the Bay de Chaleur.

"It is impossible to tell how many lives were lost, as many of those who were in the woods among the lumbering parties, had no friends nor connections in the country to remark on their non-appearance. Five hundred have been computed as the least number that actually perished in the flames.

"The destruction of bears, foxes, tiger-cats, martens, hares, squirrels, and other wild animals, was very great. These, when surprised by such fires, are said to lose their usual sense of preservation, and becoming, as it were, either giddy or fasci-

nated, often rush into the face of inevitable destruction: even the birds, except these of very strong wing, seldom escape. Some, particularly the partridge, become stupified; and the density of the smoke, the rapid velocity of the flames, and the violence of the winds, effectually prevent the flight of others."

It was from this mighty destruction that the forecast and admirable presence of mind displayed by the lumberer, whose pathetic story I am about to relate, saved him. I could not fail, while rejoicing in his escape, to impute his self-possession to the compassion of the all-wise Being who had made him such an instance of His mercy.

"The weather," said he, "had been unusually dry for the season, and there had been no rain for upwards of three weeks before this calamity took place. We had only just completed our shanty, and had commenced felling timber ready for squaring, when it occurred. We had heard from our teamsters, who had brought us out pork and flour, the day previous, that fires were raging in the woods some miles to the eastward of us. However, we paid but little attention to what appeared to us a common occurrence.

"After supper, one of our men went out of the shanty, but immediately returned to tell us 'that

a dreadful conflagration was raging within a mile or so of our dwelling.' We immediately rushed out to ascertain the truth of his assertion. I shall never forget," he continued, "the sight presented to our view : as far as the eye could reach we saw a wall of fire higher than the tree-tops, and we heard the mighty sound of the rushing flames mingled with the crashing fall of the timber.

"A single glance convinced us that not a minute was to be lost ; we did not stop even to try and secure our clothing, but made our way as quickly as possible to a small river about two hundred yards from our shanty, and which we knew was our only chance of preservation.

"We reached the stream in safety, where I determined to take my stand. My comrades, however, were of a different opinion : they contended that the fire would not cross the river, which was upwards of thirty yards in width. Unfortunately, no argument of mine could induce them to stay, though I was well aware, and represented to them that such a body of flame would not be stayed a minute by such a barrier.

"My comrades, hoping to reach an old clearance of some acres, about half a mile in advance, in spite of all entreaties crossed the stream, and

were soon lost to my view—never more to be seen alive by me.

"I waded down the stream, till I found a place where the water was up to my arm-pits, and the bank of the river rose about six feet over my head. There I took my stand, and awaited the event in breathless anxiety. I had no time to look around me. The few minutes which had elapsed, had greatly added to the terrors of the scene.

"As the wall of fire advanced, fresh trees in succession were enveloped by the flames. A bright glare crimsoned the clouds with a lurid glow, while the air was filled with a terrible noise. The heat now became intense. I looked up once more; the trees above me caught fire at that instant, the next, I was holding my breath a foot beneath the surface of the running stream. Every few seconds I was compelled to raise my head to breathe, which I accomplished with great difficulty. In a few minutes, which seemed ages to me, I was enabled to stand upright, and look around me. What desolation a short half hour had effected! In front, the conflagration was still raging with unabated fury, while in the rear the fire had consumed all the under-brush and limbs of the trees, leaving a forest of blackened poles still blazing

fiercely, though not with the intense heat caused by the balsam and pine-brushwood.

"It was several hours before I durst quit my sanctuary to search for my companions, the blackened remains of whom I found not a quarter of a mile from the river.

"Our shanty,* and all that it contained, was utterly consumed. I, however, succeeded in finding in the cellar beneath its ruins, as much provisions uninjured as served to carry me through to the settlements, which I ultimately reached, though not without great difficulty."

* A shanty is a building made with logs, higher in the front than the back, making a fall to the roof, which is generally covered with troughs made of pine or bass-wood logs; the logs are first split fair in the middle, and hollowed out with the axe and adze. A row of these troughs is then laid from the front or upper wall-plate, sloping down to the back plate, the hollowed side uppermost. The covering-troughs is then placed with the hollow reversed, either edge resting in the centre of the under trough. A door in the front and one window complete the building. Such is commonly the first dwelling of the settler. The lumber-shanty differs both in shape and size, being much larger, and the roof sloping both ways, with a raised hearth in the centre of the floor, with an aperture directly above for the escape of the smoke. It has no window. One door at the end, and two tier of bed berths, one above the other, complete the *tout ensemble*. These shanties are generally constructed to accommodate from two to three gangs of lumber men, with shed-room for twelve or fourteen span of oxen or horses—span being the Canadian term for pair.

CHAPTER III

INEXPERIENCE OF MY FRIEND.— BAD STATE OF HIS LAND.—FALL-WHEAT. — FENCING. — GRASSES. — INVITATION TO A "BEE."— UNITED LABOUR.—CANADIAN SPORTS.—DEGENERACY OF BEES.

COLONEL B—— was an old and valued friend of my family, who had held a lucrative situation under Government for many years. His retirement from public life, on some disgust, had eventually led to his settlement in Canada.

Now, his literary tastes and sedentary habits had ill-fitted him for the rough customs of the colony. Besides having scarcely seen a grain of corn in its progressive state from the blade to its earing and harvest, he knew nothing of agricultural operations. Of stock he was equally ignorant, and of the comparative goodness or badness of soil he was, of course, no judge. Such a man, in the choice of a farm, was sure to be shaved by the shrewd Yankee proprietor, and my poor friend was shaved accordingly.

I found my friend's farm had been much ne-

glected. His out-door labourers were all from the south of Ireland, and had never before followed farming operations. In consequence of their inexperience, half the clearing was quite overrun with raspberries and Canadian thistles. (The latter weed is far more troublesome to eradicate than any other I know. It is the same as the common corn-thistle, or *Serratula arvensis*, so well known to English agriculturists).

As we intended to prepare a large piece of ground for summer-fallow, it was necessary to get rid of those stumps of the trees, which, according to the practice of chopping them two or three feet from the ground, present a continual obstacle to the advance of the plough. We, however, succeeded in getting clear of them by hitching a logging-chain round the stump near the top, when a sudden jerk from the oxen was generally sufficient to pull it up. For the larger, and those more firmly fixed in the ground, we made use of a lever about twenty feet long, and about eight or nine inches in diameter, one end of which was securely chained to the stump, the oxen being fastened to the other and made to go in a circular direction, a manœuvre which rarely fails of the desired effect. This plan will not answer unless the roots are sufficiently decayed. During

dry weather the application of fire produces more effectual results. A few embers shaken from a cedar-torch on the crown of the stump are sufficient for the purpose: some hundreds of these blazing merrily at night have a very pretty effect.

In ten or twelve years the hard woods, such as oak, ash, beech and maple disappear; but the stumps of the evergreens, such as pine, hemlock and cedar, are much more difficult to eradicate.

The land being of a sandy nature, we had but few stones to contend with. When such is the case, we raise them above the surface, by the help of levers. By these means, stones of half a ton weight can be easily lifted from their beds. The larger ones are generally drawn off the fields to make the foundations of fences, and those of a smaller size are used in the construction of French drains.

To succeed well with your summer fallow, it is necessary to have the sod all turned over with the plough by the end of May, or sooner if possible. Shortly afterwards the fallow should be well harrowed; in July it should be crossed, ploughed and harrowed, and rolled at least twice before the final ploughing or ridging up, which should be completed by the last week in August.

Fall-wheat should be sown between the first

and fifteenth day of September.* The sooner the better, in my opinion, because the plant is stronger and better able to withstand the frost, and is decidedly less liable to rust. Our fallow having been prepared in this manner, and sown broad-cast with fall-wheat, the next object was to fence in the field securely, which is done in the following way. Trees of a straight growth—and straight also in the grain—are selected and cut into twelve feet lengths, and are then, by the means of a beetle and wedges, split into rails as nearly four inches square as possible. The rails are then laid in a zigzag direction, crossing each other about a foot from the end, making an angle of about six feet. Seven rails in height, crowned by a stake and rider, complete the fence. The best timbers for making rails, are pine, cedar, oak and black and white ash: these kinds of timbers will last about thirty years. Bass-wood is more commonly used for the first fences, because it is to be procured in greater abundance, and splits more easily; but as it will not last more than ten years, I would not recommend settlers to use it, if the other sorts can readily be obtained.

* "Fall" is the term usually applied to wheat sown in the autumn by the Canadian farmer, and will be used in this sense throughout this work especially written for the service of the inexperienced reader.

In this country, hay-cutting commences about the first or second week in July. Timothy-grass and clover mixed—or timothy alone—are the best for hay, and the most productive. The quantity of seed required for new land is six quarts of grass-seed and two pounds of clover to the acre; on old cleared farms nearly double this seed is required. Timothy is a solid grass with a bulbous root. If the weather is hot and dry, the hay should be carted the second day after cutting, for there is no danger in carting it at once into your barn, the climate being so dry that it never heats enough to cause spontaneous combustion. We have other sorts of grasses, such as red-top, blue-joint, &c.: these grasses, however, are inferior, and therefore never grown from choice.

Soon after my arrival at Darlington, one of my neighbours residing on the lake-shore invited me to a mowing and cradling "Bee."* As I had never seen anything of the kind, I accepted the invitation. On my arrival at the farm on the appointed day, I found assembled about forty men and boys. A man with a pail of spring water with a wooden cup floating on the surface in one hand, and a bottle of whiskey and glass in

* What the Canadian settlers call a "Bee" is a neighbourly gathering for any industrious purpose—a friendly clubbing of labour, assisted by an abundance of good cheer.

the other, now approached the swarm, every one helping himself as he pleased. This man is the most important personage at the "Bee," and is known by the appellation of the "Grog-bos." On this occasion his office was anything but a sinecure. The heat of the weather, I suppose, had made our party very thirsty. There were thirty-five bees cutting hay, among whom I was a rather awkward volunteer, and ten cradlers* employed in cutting rye.

At eleven o'clock, cakes and pailfuls of tea were served round. At one, we were summoned by the sound of a tin bugle to dinner, which we found laid out in the barn. Some long pine-boards resting on tressels served for a table, which almost groaned with the good things of this earth, in the shape of roast lamb and green peas, roast sucking-pig, shoulder of mutton, apple-sauce, and

* The cradle is a scythe of larger dimensions than the common hay-scythe, and is both wider in the blade and longer. A straight piece of wood, called a standard, thirty inches long, is fixed upright; near the end of the snaith, or handle, are four fingers made of wood, the same bend as the scythe, and from six to seven inches apart, directly above the scythe, and fixed firmly into the standard, from which wire braces with nuts and screws to adjust the fingers. These braces are secured to the fingers about eight inches from the standard. The other end of the wire is then passed through the snaith and drawn tight by means of a screw-nut. These machines are very effective, and in the hands of a person who understands their use will cut from two to three acres a-day of either wheat, oats, barley, or rye.

pies, puddings, and preserves in abundance, with plenty of beer and Canadian whiskey. Our bees proved so industrious, that before six o'clock all Mr. Burke's hay and rye were finished cutting. Supper was then served on the same scale of profusion, with the addition of tea. After supper a variety of games and gymnastics were introduced, various trials of strength, wrestling, running, jumping, putting the stone, throwing the hammer, &c.

About nine o'clock our party broke up, and returned to their respective homes, well pleased with their day's entertainment, leaving their host perfectly satisfied with their voluntary labour. One word about bees and their attendant frolic. I confess I do not like the system. I acknowledge, that in raising a log-house or barn it is absolutely necessary, especially in the Bush, but the general practice is bad. Some people can do nothing without a bee, and as the work has to be returned in the same manner, it causes a continual round of dissipation—if not of something worse. I have known several cases of manslaughter arising out of quarrels produced by intoxication at these every-day gatherings. As population increases, and labour becomes cheaper, of course there will be less occasion for them.

CHAPTER IV.

MY MARRIAGE.—I BECOME A SETTLER ON MY OWN ACCOUNT.—I PURCHASE LAND IN OTONABEE. — RETURN TO DARLINCTON — MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT DRIVING A SPAN. — ACTIVE MEASURES TO REMEDY A DISASTER. — PATIENCE OF MY FATHER-IN-LAW. — MY FIRST BEAR-HUNT. — BEAVER-MEADOWS.—CANADIAN THUNDER-STORMS.—FRIGHT OF A SETTLER'S FAMILY.

I MUST now say something of myself. During my domestication under my friend's roof, I became attached to one of his daughters. The affection was mutual; and our happiness was completed by the approbation of our friends. We were married; and it seemed that there was a goodly prospect of many years of wedded happiness before us.

But it was necessary that I, who was now a husband, and might become a father, should become a settler on my own account, and look about for lands of my own. I examined, therefore, several locations in the neighbourhood; but one objection or another presented itself, and I declined fixing my settlement at Darlington. Ultimately, I bought two hundred acres of land in the

township of Otonabee, within a mile of the newly laid out town of Peterborough. It was arranged that I should stop at Darlington, and assist my father-in-law, until it was time to commence operations in the spring. This arrangement proved very beneficial to me, as I was able to learn many useful things, and make myself acquainted with the manners and customs of the people with whom I was going to live.

We kept two pair of horses and a yoke of oxen to work the farm. One pair of our horses were French Canadian. Generally speaking, they are rough-looking beasts, with shaggy manes and tails, but strong, active, and stout for their size, which, however, is much less than that of the Upper Canadian horse. I have seen, nevertheless, some very handsome carriage-horses of this breed. Of late years, both the Upper and Lower Canadian breed of horses have been much improved by the importation of stallions.

The working oxen of this country are very docile and easily managed. They are extremely useful in the new settlement; indeed, I do not know what could be done without them. It is next to an impossibility to plough among the green stumps and roots with horses—the plough being continually checked by roots and stones—

therefore, till these obstacles are removed, which cannot be effectually done for seven or eight years, oxen are indispensably necessary, particularly for logging up new fallows. Yet notwithstanding their usefulness, I do not know a worse treated set of animals than Canadian oxen. Their weight, when fat, varies from seven to eight hundred weight. A yoke and bows, made of birch or soft maple, is the only harness needed; and, in my opinion, for double draught, better, and certainly less troublesome than the collar and traces used in England.

The ox-yoke is made of a piece of wood, four feet in length, and nine inches deep in the centre, to which a staple is fitted, and from which an iron ring depends, about a foot from the middle of the yoke each way, which is hollowed out, so as to fit on the top of the oxen's necks. A hole is bored, two inches in diameter, on each side of the hollow, through which the bow is passed, and fastened on the upper side of the yoke by a wooden pin. The bow is bent in the shape of a horse-shoe, the upper, or narrow ends being passed through the yoke. If the yoke and bows are properly made and fit the cattle, there is no fear of galling the beast. The bows are made of hickory, white or rock elm, in this way. Cut a piece of elm, five feet and a half long, large enough to split into

quarters, each of which will dress to two inches in diameter; put them in a steam-box for an hour at least; take them out hot, and bend on a mould made on purpose; tie the two bent-up ends together until dry. Every settler should know how to do these things, and to make his own axe-handles, and many other articles which are constantly required in the bush.

My first attempt at driving oxen was accompanied by an unfortunate accident, which gave me some trouble and mortification. My father-in-law had lent a neighbour a plough, of which we were much in want. I thought it would be a good opportunity for me to try my hand with the oxen, to fetch it home. Now, it happened the cattle were young, and not very well broken, so that I found some difficulty in yoking and attaching them to the cart. However, I succeeded at last, and drove up to the door of Mr. Stephens' house in great style. I found the family just going to dinner, which they courteously invited me to partake with them. I accepted their hospitality, and left the oxen standing before the door.

I discussed my neighbour's good cheer with an excellent appetite, and was in the very act of pledging mine host, when I heard the cattle start

off. We left the table with precipitation, but were, alas! too late to stop the refractory oxen, which galloping down a steep hill, on the summit of which the house was built, stumbled in their descent, and fell to the bottom, where we found them struggling, apparently, in the agonies of death. We cut the bows from their necks as soon as possible, but not in time to save the life of poor Spot, the near ox, who was quite dead; and it was for some minutes doubtful if Dandy—the off "critter," as the Yankees would style him—would survive his companion. I killed the dead one over again to make its flesh fit for consumption, and bled the other, which happily saved its life. But, notwithstanding my careful endeavour to make the best of a foolish matter, I felt myself in an awkward predicament. To my worthy father-in-law the loss of an animal worth thirty dollars was, at that time, particularly inconvenient; but his moral justice was high and his temper mild; so he listened meekly to my account of the misfortune, quietly remarking, that it could not be helped, and that no blame attached to me. It is in these worrying affairs of every-day life that we discern the real beauty of the Christian character. My mother-in-law behaved as well, on this trying occasion, as any lady could do who found her

larder suddenly stocked with a quantity of lean tough beef—a prospect, indeed, by no means cheering to any member of the household.

On my return home from my first essay in ox-driving, or rather ox-killing, I found Dennis, our Irish servant, waiting for me with the greatest impatience.

"Och, sir," he exclaimed; "if you had but been with me you might have shot a bear. I was out in the bush searching for the cows, and just as I was crossing the Big creek, near the beaver meadow, I heard a noise from a thicket of cedar bushes close by me, and thinking it might be one of the lost cows I ran forward to see, when to my astonishment and dismay I came suddenly upon a large bear."

"Well," said I, "what did you do?"

"Faith, then, sir, to tell you the truth, I did not do much—only took to my heels, and ran home as fast as I could to tell you; as I thought yer honour might perhaps get a shot at the baste, and, troth! he warn't in the laste bit of a hurry to get out my way, sure."

"Well, Dennis, only show me the brute, and it shall be a hard case if I do not make the addition of fat bear to eat with the lean beef, with which I have already stocked the larder."

I loaded my gun with ball, and in company with Dennis and his father started for the place where Master Bruin had been seen. I took Neptune with me—a remarkably fine Irish greyhound —one of the most powerfully built dogs of that breed I had ever seen, and well he proved his strength and courage this day, as you shall hear.

After proceeding nearly two miles in an easterly direction close to the edge of the beaver meadow,* Neptune suddenly raised his head and looked round. In the next instant he was dashing along in full chase of Mr. Bruin, who was making the best of his way up a hill on the opposite side of the meadow.

We joined in the chase with the greatest alacrity, but not in time to witness the first set-to

* These meadows are to be found within two or three miles of each other on almost every creek or small stream in Canada West. Those industrious animals, the beavers, build their dams across the creeks in a very ingenious manner, with clay and brush-wood. It is very astonishing what ingenuity they display, and what sagacity, almost amounting to reason, they show in the choice of situation for the erection of these dams. It has been asserted that some years ago, when the French were masters of the country, the Indians cut away the dams, and killed all the beavers they could possibly find, as they did not wish the reservoirs where the beavers bred to fall into the hands of their white brethren. The size of these meadows varies from two or three acres to two or three hundred, and in some few cases is much larger.

between these savage opponents; for while we were gaining the brow of the hill a desperate fight was going on only a few yards from us. Neptune sometimes having the best of it—sometimes Bruin. I found it quite impossible to fire for fear of killing the dog. We then tried to pull him off so as to enable me to shoot the bear. This we found equally difficult, the dog had such fast hold of his throat. He was, indeed, perfectly furious.

Dennis, by my direction, cut a strong pole twelve or fourteen feet long, which we laid across the brute's back, and pressed him down as tightly as we could, which, with the able assistance of Nep. kept my gentleman tolerably quiet till the old man cut and twisted a couple of withes, which he passed under the bear, near the hind and fore-legs, and secured him firmly to the pole, which my companions lifted on their shoulders, from which the beast now hung suspended, and commenced our march homewards.

I had great difficulty in keeping the dog off. He would rush in, every minute, in spite of all I could do, and seize poor Bruin by the side and shake him most unmercifully. I had enough to do with the help of a stout stick to keep him and the bear in order. The latter was equally violent—

striking with his fore-paws at the men who were—luckily for them—just out of his reach, and particularly so for Dennis, who marched in front, whose unmentionables not being in the best possible repair, appeared to excite Master Bruin's particular attention.

I very much wished to preserve this creature alive, that I might try and tame him. In this, however, I was destined to be disappointed; for what with the beating I was obliged to give him to keep him quiet, and the savage attack of the dog, he died just as we came within sight of the clearing. When we skinned him, we found his side much lacerated where the dog had bitten him. From the exaggerated description Dennis had given me of his size, I fully expected to find him as big as a bullock. He, however, only weighed a hundred and fifty-seven pounds, which, for a bear of two years old, which appeared to be his age, is, I believe, the average weight.

The summer of 1825 was warm, even for Canada, where this season is always hot. The thermometer often ranged above 90° in the shade. Such weather would be quite unbearable, were it not for a fine breeze which almost invariably springs up from the westward between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and continues till sunset.

The nights are cooler in proportion to the heat of the day, than in England.

This climate is subject to violent thunder-storms, accompanied by vivid forked lightning and heavy rain, which greatly tend to cool the air and make the country more healthy. Fatal accidents, however, sometimes occur, and houses and barns are burnt down by the electric fluid, and I have no doubt that, were it not for the proximity of the woods, a great deal more damage would be done.

The lofty trees serve as conductors, particularly the pine and hemlock, the former, from its great height above all the other trees of the forest, being much more likely to be struck by the lightning than any other. It is a curious fact that the electric fluid invariably follows the grain of the wood. I have often noticed in pines which had been struck, that the fluid had followed the grain in a spiral form, encircling the tree three or four times in its descent to the earth. I have myself witnessed some extraordinary effects produced by lightning. I remember that, not more than two years since, I had occasion to go out into the township of Douro to attend the sitting of the Council, of which I was then a member, and I had, on my way, to pass through a small clear-

ing occupied by an Irish settler, one James Lynch.

This man, to save trouble, had left several large hemlock trees near his house. These trees had been dead for some years, consequently the wood was tolerably dry. * The day before, there had been a terrific thunder-storm which struck the largest, which was fully four feet in diameter, shivering it from top to bottom, and throwing the pieces around for upwards of sixty yards in every direction. If a barrel of gunpowder had been placed under the tree, greater devastation could not have been made. Lynch told me that the storm had been very severe in that neighbourhood.

"We were at dinner," he said, "when the dreadful flash came which shattered that tree. We were all knocked down by the shock, and narrowly escaped being killed, not only by the lightning, but by the pieces of timber which were, as you may observe, scattered in all directions."

After a thunder-storm, attended by heavy rain, a substance very much resembling sulphur is left floating on all the pools, which many people believe to be sulphur. This, however, is quite a mis-

* It is well known that dry timber offers a greater resistance to the electric fluid than the green.

take, for it is, in reality, nothing more than the farina from the cone of the pine trees. I have observed this substance equally abundant on the Huron tract, many miles from any pine grove. It must, therefore, from its lightness, have been carried up into the air, from whence it has been beaten down by the rain.

CHAPTER V.

CANADIAN HARVEST.—PREPARING TIMBER FOR FRAME-BUILDINGS.—RAISING "BEE."—BEAUTY OF THE CANADIAN AUTUMN.—VISIT TO OTONABEE.—ROUGH CONVEYANCE.—DISACCOMMODATION.—LEARNED LANDLORD.—COBOURG.—OTONABEE RIVER.—CHURCH OF GORE'S LANDING.—EFFECTS OF PERSEVERING INDUSTRY.

Our harvest, with the exception of some late oats, was all carefully housed by the 18th of August. Very little grain is stacked out in this country: even the hay is put up in barns. As timber can be had for the cutting, log or frame-barns can be built very cheaply. I would certainly recommend frame in preference to log-buildings.

Square timber, fit for framing, can be purchased from four to five dollars per hundred feet, running measure. Twelve hundred feet are sufficient, varying in size from four inches to a foot square. This quantity will frame a barn fifty feet long by thirty feet wide, and sixteen in height, from the sill to the plate which supports the roof. Twelve thousand feet of boards and plank, at five dollars

per thousand, superficial measure, will be enough to enclose the frame, and lay the threshing-floor, and board the roof ready for shingling.

The best and cheapest method of barn-building is as follows: In the winter season cut and square with the broad axe all the frame timber you require, and draw it home to the place you have fixed on for the building, and from the saw-mill all the lumber you require. As soon as the weather is warm enough hire a framer, whose business is to mark out all the tenons and mortices, and to make or superintend the making of them. When ready, the building is put together in what is called bents, each bent consisting of two posts, one on each side of the building, connected together by a strong beam running across the building. The foundation is composed of twelve cedar blocks, three feet long, sunk two-thirds of their depth into the ground, one under each corner of the barn, and under the foot of each post. These blocks support the sills, which are firmly united at the corner to the cross-sills. The bents, four in number, are then laid on this foundation, and are ready for raising, which is done by calling a "bee." Thirty-five men are ample for this service—more are only in the way. Every two persons should be provided with a light balsam or cedar pole, fifteen

feet in length, shod at the end with a ring and strong spike. These pike-poles are laid in order in front of the bent to be raised, one between each person. All being ready, the framer gives the word "attention," when each man lays hold of the bent, one man being stationed at the foot of each post with a hand-spike, which he presses against it to prevent its slipping. "Yeo heave!" is then shouted by the framer, at which every man lifts, waiting always for the word, and lifting together. As soon as the bent is lifted as high as they can reach the pike, poles are driven into the beam, and the bent is soon in a perpendicular position. Several pikes are then stuck into the opposite side to keep the bent from being swayed over, until the tenons on the foot of the post is entered into the mortice on the sill: it is then secured by stays, until the next bent is raised, when the girts connect them together. In this manner all the bents are raised; the wall-plates are then lifted upon the building, which connect all the bents. The tenon on the top of each post goes through the plate, and is firmly pinned; the putting up the rafters completes the frame. The raising of a building of this size should not occupy more than three quarters of a-day. No liquor should be served out to

the swarm of working bees till the raising is over, as many serious accidents having occurred for want of this precaution.

I am particular in giving these descriptions, because I flatter myself they may prove useful to the future colonist.

The first week in September we commenced sowing our fall-wheat, and finished on the tenth, which is considered in good season. I would by all means recommend early sowing, especially on old cleared farms. Late sown wheat is more liable to winter-kill and rust. In fact, you can hardly sow too early to ensure a good crop.

September is the most beautiful month in the Canadian year. The weather is neither too hot nor too cold. Nothing can be more delightfully pleasant; for, in this month, the foliage of the trees begins to put on that gorgeous livery for which the North American continent is so justly celebrated. Every variety of tint, from the brightest scarlet and deepest orange, yellow and green, with all the intermediate shades blended together, form one of the most beautiful natural pictures you can possibly conceive.

I received a very pressing invitation from my wife's brother-in-law, who resided near the foot of Rice Lake, in the township of Otonabee, to

come and spend a few days with him. As an additional inducement, he promised to show me some capital duck-shooting. I was too fond of fowling to decline such an invitation as this. Besides, I wished to see that new settlement. The township lies north of Rice Lake, which forms its southern boundary: it is the largest in the county of Peterborough, with the exception of Harvey. Otonabee contains above eighty thousand acres, and is now the most populous as well as one of the most fertile townships in the county, which, at the time of which I am writing, had been just opened by the Government for location.

The only practicable road then to this settlement was from Cobourg, distant twelve miles from the southern shore of Rice Lake, leading over a chain of hills, the highest of which is, I believe, about seven hundred feet above the level of Lake Ontario, and from whence, on a very clear day, the opposite shore may be seen, though the distance is nearly sixty-five miles. I have heard this statement disputed, but I am perfectly convinced of the truth from having myself seen, on several occasions, the United States' shore of the lake from White's Hill, which is several hundred feet lower.

It was arranged that I should drive my wife as

far as Cobourg, and leave her with some friends till my return. I was to take out with me from Cobourg the gentleman's sister, Miss Jane W——, who was to return with me.

We left Darlington in a one-horse pleasure-waggon—so called, or rather mis-called, by the natives. For my part, I never could find in what the pleasure consisted, unless in being jerked every minute two or three feet from your seat by the unevenness of the road and want of springs in your vehicle, or the next moment being soused to the axletree in a mud-hole, from which, perhaps, you were obliged to extricate your carriage by the help of a lever in the shape of a rail taken from some farmer's fence by the roadside. You are no sooner freed from this Charybdis, than you fall into Scylla, formed by half a mile of corduroy-bridge, made of round logs, varying from nine to fifteen inches in diameter, which, as you may suppose, does not make the most even surface imaginable, and over which you are jolted in the roughest style possible, at the expense of your breath and injury of your person. I am happy to say that better roads and a better description of pleasure-carriages have superseded these inconvenient conveyances.

Since the institution of county councils, and

the formation of towns and townships into municipalities, great attention has been bestowed, and large sums of money voted, for the improvement of roads and bridges; and several Joint-stock companies, chartered by the Provincial Parliament, have completed sundry lines of plank and macadamized roads, on which toll-gates have been erected. What has already been done in this way has added greatly to the wealth and settlement of the province. No one can understand, indeed, except the early settler, what a blessing a good road is, especially to those who are too far back for the benefit of water communication.

The day was fine and clear when we started, and we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a pleasant journey, which, I am sorry to say, was not to be verified. Distant thunder soon warned us that we might expect a storm. We hurried on as fast as possible, in hope we might be able to get through the nine-mile woods, in the township of Clarke, before the bursting of the storm. In this, however, we were disappointed; for, before we were half through the woods, the rain fell in torrents, accompanied by the loudest thunder and most vivid lightning I had ever seen. After above an hour's most pitiless pelting, we found ourselves suddenly before a small log-

house, in front of which, swinging between two upright posts, a cross-bar connecting them at the top, depended a sign, on which was described, in large characters, for the information of all way-worn or thirsty-travellers, "that good liquor, good beds, and good accommodations, both for man and horse, could be had from the proprietor, Thomas Turner Orton."

Although from the outward appearance of the premises we did not expect the best accommodation, we thought anything better than being exposed longer to the fury of the storm, so giving our horse and waggon to the charge of the ostler, we entered Mr. Orton's tavern, and demanded to be shown into a private room, which request we found it was out of the power of mine host to comply with, seeing he had only one apartment, which answered the treble purpose of parlour, kitchen, and bar-room. Besides this general apartment there were two small bedrooms on the ground-floor. Luckily for us, a good fire blazed on the ample hearth, its only occupant, in the shape of a guest, being a gentleman from Port Hope, who, like ourselves, had just taken refuge from the storm.

While our clothes were being dried, our hostess prepared dinner, which consisted of a boiled

chicken, eggs, and fried ham, which we found excellent, and, as a preventive against catching cold, after the soaking we had got, I ordered some whiskey-punch, which I have always found very efficacious on such occasions. Some people recommend tea made from the boughs of the hemlock-pine, which, I dare say, is excellent for some constitutions; but it never agreed half so well with mine as the former antidote, which I can conscientiously recommend—but, like all other medicines, an over-dose may do more harm than good.

Our host, who appeared to make himself quite at home in his own house, joined in the conversation, and being very communicative about his own affairs, wanted us to be equally so about ours. His eccentricity greatly amused us. He informed me that he was by birth a Yorkshireman, and that he had been in business in London, where he had built some fine "place" or "terrace," which still bore his name. He spouted Latin occasionally, and showed me a Greek lexicon, which he told me was his constant companion. His real stock of Latin and Greek consisted only of a few words and sentences he had picked up, and which he quoted ostentatiously before the ignorant, who of course thought him a prodigy of learning.

As it continued to rain all the evening, I was obliged to give orders to have my horse put up for the night, and also to see what accommodation could be had for ourselves. I found on examination that this was bad enough—at least I thought so then, though many a time since I should have been happy to obtain any half as good.

We started early next morning, and reached Cobourg, without any farther adventure, about noon on the same day. We halted there three days. I left my wife with our friends, and took charge of Miss W—— to escort her to her brother's house.

We left Cobourg for Rice Lake, which was distant about twelve or thirteen miles from thence. It was a delightful morning in October; and our road, though very bad, and in some places positively dangerous, where it descended into the deep ravines, was at the same time so picturesque that we were quite delighted with our drive, and particularly so when, emerging from the woods, we entered Hamilton-plains, and beheld in the distance the glittering waters of Rice Lake, and the gem-like islands which adorn its unruffled surface.

Rice Lake, or the Lake of the Burning Plains,

as it is called in the Indian language, is a fine sheet of water, twenty-seven miles in length from east to west, varying from two to three and a half miles in width. About six miles from its head on the northern shore it receives the waters of the Otonabee river, which, rising near the head-waters of the Madawaska, flows in nearly a westerly direction into Balsam Lake, where it takes a more southerly direction, forming in its course a succession of beautiful lakes for upwards of sixty miles. Ten miles above Peterborough, and directly opposite my own farm in the township of Douro, it suddenly contracts its channel and becomes a rapid and impetuous stream. According to a survey ordered by the government, it was ascertained that from a point on my farm, at the foot of Kawchewahnoonk Lake, and distant from Peterborough nearly ten miles, there is a fall of one hundred and forty-seven feet, affording an unlimited water-power, which has already been extensively applied not only in the town of Peterborough, where several fine flour and saw-mills have been erected, but also in the townships through which it flows.

At Peterborough the rapids cease, from whence the river becomes navigable for steam-boats to the Rice Lake, at the distance of twenty-one

miles, which it enters after a course of fully two hundred and fifty miles.

The Indian river takes its rise close to Stony Lake, from which it is only divided by a narrow ridge of granite: this ridge has been cut across at the sole expense of the Hon. Zacheus Burnham and Dr. John Gilchrist, for the purpose of obtaining a larger supply of water for the use of their mills at Warsaw, in Dummer and Keane, in Otonabee, thus connecting the two rivers by this canal. This river flows through the townships of Dummer, Douro, and Otonabee, its whole course not exceeding thirty-five or forty miles, with the exception of a few small streams. No other river of consequence flows into Rice Lake.

Our drive over the plains was truly delightful. New beauties presented themselves at every step. It can hardly be imagined what a relief it is to the eye, after travelling for miles through a dense forest, to see such a beautiful landscape suddenly burst on your sight.

For nearly three miles our road lay through natural park-like scenery, flowery knolls, 'deep ravines, and oak-crowned hills, with every now and then the blue waters of the lake glittering through the trees. Our path now entered a deep and finely-wooded ravine, which wound round the

base of steep hills on either hand, rising to a considerable height, their summits crowned here and there with beautiful clumps of oak.

For nearly a mile we followed the sharp descent and windings of the beautiful valley, till a sudden turning of the road revealed to our sight the whole expanse of this fine sheet of water. Not a ripple dimpled the surface; but, mirror-like, it lay with all its lovely islands thickly wooded to their summits with the sugar-maple, which rose, tree above tree, up the steep ascent of these conical islets, which, reflected in the clear lake, added new beauties to the scene.

A few minutes more brought us to the tavern, a small log-house, kept by one David Tidy, a very respectable Scotchman. The situation of this man's farm is one of the best on the lake shore. It is now the property of Mr. Alfred Hayward, whose good taste has added greatly to its natural beauties. Mrs. Hayward, who is an accomplished artist, has taken a view of the lake from her garden, and also one of Port Hope, both of which have been lithographed, and are much admired.

Tidy's tavern, and two other log-houses, were at this time the only settlements on the Rice Lake plains, which extend for nearly twenty miles along the south shore, forming the rear of the townships

of Hamilton and Alnwick, but which are now dotted over with fine productive farms, substantial stone, brick, or frame-houses, full-bearing orchards, and possessing in fact almost every comfort and convenience a farmer could wish.

The pretty village of Gore's Landing is built partly on the lot formerly possessed by Tidy, and partly on the adjoining lot at present occupied by Captain Gore, from whom the village takes its name. The gentlemen in this neighbourhood have, nearly at their own expense, built a very neat church, which is romantically situated on the top of a high hill overlooking the lake. In summer time nothing can exceed the beauty of this spot, or be more suitable for the erection of a fane dedicated to Him

"Whose temple is all space!"

This village contains two excellent taverns, a large steam saw-mill, two stores, and several other buildings. Two steam-boats, the "Royal George" and "Forester," leave it daily for Peterborough, distant twenty-five miles, making their return-trip the same day. Another steamer is being constructed to run from the village of Keane, on the Indian river in Otonabee down the Trent as far as Heely's Falls and back to Gore's

Landing. These boats meet Weller's line of mail-stages at one o'clock, P.M. A fine line of plank-road has been constructed from this place to Cobourg, avoiding all the high hills. The stage time is an hour and a half between lake and lake.

As nearly all the lumber and shingles manufactured at Peterborough and the neighbouring townships, intended for exportation to the United States, must be either landed here or at Bewdley, at the head of the lake, whence it is conveyed across in waggons to Port Hope or Cobourg, this village bids fair to become a stirring little place.

One of my objects in writing this work is to point out what the country was twenty-seven years ago, and what it is now, showing clearly that what appeared to the pioneer of those days insurmountable difficulties, have by persevering industry been overcome, "and the howling wilderness made to blossom as the rose." The desolating torrent has been utilized and restrained; mills and factories have been erected; bridges span our broadest rivers, and magnificent steamers plough our inland seas. Nor is this all: the first sod of a railway has been turned, which is ultimately intended to connect Lake Huron with Halifax

and Boston, bringing the riches of the Far West through its natural channel to the sea.

Nothing, indeed, but industry and enterprise is needed to change the waste and solitary places of Upper Canada into a garden of Eden, which it is designed by the Supreme Architect to become.

CHAPTER VI.

WOOD-DUCK SHOOTING.—ADVENTURE ON RICE LAKE.—IRISH HOWL.—ARRIVAL AT GORE'S LANDING.—GENERAL HOWLING FOR THE DEFUNCT.—DANGERS OF OUR JOURNEY.—SAFE ARRIVAL AT COBOURG.—SALMON-FISHING.—CANOE-BUILDING AFTER A BAD FASHION.—SALMON-SPEARING.—CANADIAN FISH AND FISHERIES.—INDIAN SUMMER.—SLEIGHS AND SLEIGHING.—DOMESTIC LOVE.

After committing the care of my horse to our landlord, I ordered dinner to be got ready immediately, as we had thirteen miles to row, and I wished to reach Mr. W——'s before dark. Our hostess exerted herself, and we soon sat down to a sumptuous feast, consisting of a brace of fine fat wood-ducks and fried black bass, two dishes I am particularly fond of, and which at this time of the year can always be obtained from the lake.

The wood-duck is a delicious bird. It makes its appearance early in the spring, as soon as the ice breaks up. Its plumage is very fine—I should say the most beautiful of any of its species. Its head and upper part of the neck are dark green; from

the top of the head a long crest depends, richly variegated with green, white, and dark purple feathers. The lower part of the throat and breast is cinnamon speckled with white, but under the wings and sides towards the tail, grey, speckled and fringed with black; the back of the wings dark blue and black feathers. The wood-duck frequents close-wooded streams, little bays, and nooks, sitting upon old logs or the limbs of trees which have fallen into the water. It feeds on the wild rice, and is very fat from the middle of August to November, when it migrates to a warmer climate. This kind of duck is more easily approached than any other. The sportsman should be seated near the centre of a small canoe, his gun lying before him ready cocked, when he should paddle very cautiously through the rice, keeping his head as low as possible. A person who understands the management of a canoe can generally get within twenty-five or thirty yards before he is seen, which gives him ample opportunity to put down his paddle and take his gun, in time to fire both barrels. In this manner I have often killed from fifteen to twenty brace in a few hours.

After dinner we hired a skiff and proceeded on our voyage. The lake was calm, so we made

good progress, passing the Indian village belonging to the Mississauga tribe of Indians, a branch of the Chippewas, which I shall have occasion to speak of hereafter, Pantaush's point, Designs Bay, and the *embouchure* of the Indian river; and just at dusk landed opposite my friend's house, pretty well tired, though much delighted with our day's journey. We were received with a welcome such as only a backwoodsman knows how to give. In half an hour I felt as much at home as if I had belonged to the family.

During my stay here, which was upwards of a week, I amused myself with fishing and shooting. The fall and winter duck were beginning to come in from the north, a sure sign that hard weather was close at hand.

We had had an early spring and a long warm summer. Generally speaking, the ground does not close till about the middle of November; but this year the frost set in much earlier. It did not, however, continue, for the ground again opened, and we had nearly two weeks of beautiful Indian summer in the early part of November.

On the, 17th the ice was sufficiently strong to skate upon. On the 27th day of October the first hard weather commenced, and as there was some

fear of the lake freezing, we determined to start for Cobourg the following morning. I accordingly made the necessary preparations, and hired an old man-of-war's-man, one Robert Redpath, to row us up the lake to Tidy's.

It froze hard during the night. The ice was fully half an inch thick on the bays, and along the margin of the lake we were obliged to break a passage for the skiff for upwards of fifty yards before we got into clear water. It was cold, and blew fresh from the north-west, and the wind being directly down the lake, caused a heavy swell, which increased every minute. As the gale freshened, our skiff shipped so much water that we thought it prudent to put across to the Alnwick shore, which was more under the lee, being sheltered by islands. While passing near one of these, I observed some person walking to and fro, apparently making signals of distress. I called Redpath's attention to this, and bade him "row to the shore that we might ascertain what he wanted." This our boatman positively refused to do, saying that "he had hired himself to ferry us to Tidy's, and he was not bound to go half a mile out of his way to hunt after every infernal Ingine (Indian) we might see on our road."

I, however, insisted on his immediately comply-

ing with my request. It was fortunate I did so, for on landing we found a man walking backwards and forwards, trying to keep himself warm. Indeed, the poor fellow looked nearly frozen. He seemed to have lost all power over his limbs, and was quite unable to articulate. I made Redpath light a fire, and in the meantime I gave the man a dram from our whiskey-bottle, which greatly revived him. We soon had a blazing fire, which had the desired effect of unloosing the tongue of our new acquaintance, and he informed us, "he was one of the Irish emigrants sent off by Government under the superintendance of the Honourable Peter Robinson; that several hundreds of them had been forwarded from Cobourg to Rice Lake, a few days before, on their way to the new settlements up the Otonabee River, and were now camped at Tidy's. He and his friend, a man of the name of Daly, a tailor by trade, wished to settle in the township of Asphodel, on the River Trent. They had accordingly taken a boat and had rowed down the lake in the hope of reaching Crook's Rapids on the Trent before nightfall. Irishman-like, their only stores for the voyage consisted of a bottle of whiskey, to which it appears they applied themselves more diligently than to the navigation of their boat,

which they let drift at the mercy of the winds and waves while they slept.

They did not wake up from their drunken slumbers till dark, when they found themselves stuck in a rice bed, and unable to extricate themselves from the dilemma in which they were placed; whereupon they again had recourse to the bottle, which this time proved fatal to Daly who, being very drunk, fell overboard. His companion, however, managed to catch hold of him and succeeded in getting him into the boat only to suffer a more lingering death, for he was frozen stiff before morning dawned. The survivor had covered his unfortunate companion with a blanket, the only one they had with them, in the hope it would keep him from perishing with cold during the night, which care, however, proved unavailing. He managed at dawn to extricate the boat from the rice bed, but not being able to row so large a boat, especially in his present condition, she drifted upon the point of the island on which we found him.

As soon as he was well warmed and refreshed, we proceeded to the place pointed out by him, where we found the boat thumping in the surf, on a ledge of rocks. After hauling it up, we proceeded to lift the blanket, when a shocking

sight presented itself. The dead man was sitting upright on the seat, with his mouth and eyes half-open. We lifted him out, laid him under a tree, and spread the blanket over him. We found our skiff too small to accommodate another passenger, so we determined to leave it behind and take the large boat, which we accordingly did; and we put our new-comer to the oar with Redpath, whilst I took the helm.

We had a long, tedious row against the headwind, which now blew a gale. Our new acquaintance, every now-and-then, would throw down his oar, and howl and clap his hands to show his grief for the loss of his departed friend. These pathetic lamentations elicited no sympathy from Redpath, who abused him for "a lazy lubber," and ordered him "to pull and not make such an infernal howling, worse than a wild Ingin's yell."

We made the landing at Tidy's, just before dark, and found several hundred emigrants in the tavern, and camped round about it.

As soon as we came within hearing, our passenger commenced the loudest howl he had yet perpetrated, which had the immediate effect of bringing down to the landing the whole of his countrymen, who, as soon as they learned the loss of their friend, gave us a genuine Irish howl,

in which the women took the most prominent part.

On our way up to the house, we were met by the landlord, who, with a most woful look, informed us that our horse had strayed away from the pasture, and that he had searched the plains in every direction, and could hear no tidings of him, but as soon as he turned up he would send him home. "I am sorry, sir," he added, "this misfortune has happened, and particularly as I am unable to accommodate you and the young lady, for my house is full of drunken Irish, as you see. Indeed, the only chance you have of getting to Cobourg to-night is by an ox-cart, which will start about nine o'clock this evening."

I was very angry with the landlord for his carelessness, and told him I should look to him for payment unless my horse was forthcoming. I found the owner of the ox-cart, and made a bargain with him to set us down at my friend's house in Cobourg.

Our equipage was very unique of its kind, it having been constructed for the sole purpose of carrying barrels of flour and pork. The box was a kind of open rack, with two rows of upright stakes instead of sides: two long boards, laid on

cross-bars, formed the bottom: we spread our buffaloes on these, and fastened a strong piece of rope across the cart, from stake to stake on either side, to hold on by.

Thus equipped, we commenced our journey. It was pitch-dark, so our driver let the cattle go as they liked, for guiding them was perfectly out of the question. I shall never forget the way our oxen galloped down those steep hills. Miss W. was dreadfully frightened. All we could do was to hold on and trust in Providence. Luckily, the oxen kept the track; for had they deviated in the least, going down some of the steep pitches, the cart would have been upset to a certainty, and very likely we should have been seriously injured, or killed on the spot.

It was past one in the morning before we reached Cobourg, thoroughly fatigued with our expedition.

I heard no tidings of my horse for upwards of four months, and had given up all thoughts of beholding him again, when one morning I was surprised to see him, waggon, harness and all, drive into the yard. Upon inquiry, I found that the hard weather and snow had made him seek the clearings for food, when he was easily secured; but one of his fetlocks was cut almost to the bone

by the piece of rope he had been tethered with, and which was still upon him when he was found.

One of the most exciting amusements at this season of the year, is salmon-fishing. In order to enjoy this sport, I made a canoe sixteen feet in length, and two feet nine inches at its greatest breadth. It was my first attempt, and, certainly the thing looked more like a hog-trough than a boat. It, however, answered the purpose for which it was intended, and I can assure the reader I felt not a little proud of this, my first attempt at canoe-making.

Salmon-fishing commences in October, when the fish run up the rivers and creeks in great numbers. The usual way of catching them is by spearing, which is done as follows.—An iron grate —or jack, as it is called by the Canadians—is made in the shape of a small cradle, composed of iron bars three or four inches apart. This cradle is made to swing in a frame, so that it may be always on the level, or the swell would cause the pine-knots to fall out. Fat pine and light-wood are used to burn in the jack, which give a very brilliant light for several yards round the bow of the canoe. The fish can be easily seen at the depth of from four to five feet. One person sits in the stern and steers with a paddle, propel-

ling the canoe at the same time. The bowman either kneels or stands up with the spear poised ready for striking. An expert hand will scarcely miss a stroke. I have known two fishermen in this manner kill upwards of two hundred salmon in one night. I believe, however, the fishing is not nearly so productive as formerly.

Mr. Stephens showed me a small stream running through his farm, which I could easily jump over. He told me that one afternoon he was watering his horses, when he perceived a shoal of salmon swimming up the creek. He had no spear at home, having lent it to a neighbour. He, however, succeeded with a pitchfork in capturing fifty-six fine fish.

Thirty years ago, all the small streams and rivers, from the head of the lake downwards to the Bay of Quinte, used to abound with salmon. The erection of saw-mills on the creeks, and other causes, have tended materially to injure the fisheries. White fish and salmon-trout are, however, taken in vast quantities, particularly the former, which has become quite an article of commerce. The most extensive fisheries are on the Manitoulin island, in Lake Huron, and along the Canadian shore of Ontario, opposite the township of Haldimand, Crambe, and Murray, in the

county of Northumberland, and part of the district of Prince Edward. Very large seine nets being used, many barrels of fish are often taken at a haul, which are cured and packed on the spot: the usual price of a barrel varies from five to six dollars.

Lake Ontario abounds with herring, of much the same flavour as the sea species, but not so strong and oily, nor so large. Sturgeon, pike, pickerel, black bass, sheep-heads, mullets, suckers, eels, and a variety of other fish, are plentiful in these waters: the spring-creeks and mill-ponds yield plenty of spotted trout, from four ounces to a pound weight: they are easily caught either with the worm or fly.

The best creek I ever fished in was the Speed, a branch of the Grand River, or Ouse, which runs through the township of Guelph. In winter you can catch them by fishing through a hole in the ice. The best way is to dig and store by in a box filled with earth, a quantity of worms, which must be kept in the cellar for use. A small piece of fat pork is commonly employed as bait, but is not nearly so good as the other.

A friend of mine, living near Colborne, told me rather an amusing story of a Yankee, who was fishing through the ice with the usual bait, a

piece of pork. He had been very unsuccessful, and tired of the sport, he walked over to where my friend was throwing out the trout as fast as possible, when the following colloquy took place:

"Wal, how, under Heaven, did you get all them 'ere fish?"

"Caught them."

"Wal, I s'pose you did; but what kinder bait do you use?"

"Worms."

"Varms! Why, under Heaven, where do you get varms at this time of the year?"

"I got these out of my cellar."

"Get out! how you do talk!"

"You may believe me or not, as you like; but I can assure you I did."

"Wal, do tell. I guess I never thought of diggin' in the cellar; I will go to hum and try."

My friend met him a few days afterwards, when the Yankee said—"I calculate, Mister, you told me a tarnation lie, the other day, about them 'ere varms. I went and dug up every bit of my cellar, and, I do declare, I never got a single varm."

My friend laughed very heartily at this "Yankee diggin," but at the same time kindly informed his neighbour of the method he pursued, to provide worms for winter-fishing.

Before the winter fairly sets in, we generally have ten days or a fortnight of the Indian summer; indeed, it is the sure harbinger of winter. The air is mild and temperate; a haze, resembling smoke, pervades the atmosphere, that at times obscures the sun, which, when visible, is of a blood-red colour. Various causes have been assigned for this appearance, but none very satisfactory.

Towards the end of November this year, the ice was strong enough to bear the weight of a man, and the ground was soon whitened with snow, but not in sufficient depth to make good sleighing. Just a week before Christmas, we had a fall of eight or ten inches, which made pretty good going: the sleighs were, of course, in immediate requisition.

A family sleigh is made to carry from six to ten persons; the more stylish ones from four to six; a cutter, or single sleigh, two. These are all for pleasure, but every farmer is obliged to have a lumber-sleigh for general use. A much larger load can be drawn on runners in winter than on wheels in summer. Sleighing is, without doubt, the most delightful mode of travelling you can possibly conceive, but it takes several falls of snow to make the sleighing good. All the inequalities must be filled up and levelled, but

the snow soon packs solid by the constant friction of the sleigh-runner. The horses are each provided with a ring of bells, the sound of which is not unmusical; and I am assured is delightful indeed to the ears of the anxious wife, watching for the return of her husband from a winter journey. Some years ago, when the country was unsettled, the females of the family had some cause for fear, since the absence of the father, son, or husband, was not always followed by his safe return; and the snow-storm, or the wolves, were thought of with alarm, till the music of the sleigh-bells announced the safety of the beloved absentee.

In no country on the face of the earth does the torch of wedded love beam brighter than in Canada, where the husband always finds "the wife dearer than the bride." I have seen many an accomplished and beautiful English girl, "forgetting with her father's house," the amusements of a fashionable life, to realize with a half-pay officer or "younger brother," the purer, holier pleasures of domestic love in this country, where a numerous issue, the fruits of their union, are considered a blessing and a source of wealth, instead of bringing with them, as in the old country, an increase of care.

CHAPTER VII.

EMPLOYMENTS OF A MAN OF EDUCATION IN THE COLONY.—YANKEE WEDDING.— MY COMMISSION.—WINTER IN CANADA. — HEALTHINESS OF THE CANADIAN CLIMATE.—SEARCH FOR LAND.—PURCHASE WILD LAND AT DOURO. — MY FLITTING. — PUT UP A SHANTY.— INEXPERIENCE IN CLEARING.—PLAN-HEAPS.

THE employments of a respectable Canadian settler are certainly of a very multifarious character, and he may be said to combine, in his own person, several professions, if not trades. A man of education will always possess an influence, even in bush society: he may be poor, but his value will not be tested by the low standard of money, and notwithstanding his want of the current coin of the realm, he will be appealed to for his judgment in many matters, and will be inducted into several offices, infinitely more honourable than lucrative. My friend and father-in-law, being mild in manners, good-natured, and very sensible, was speedily promoted to the bench, and was given the colonelcy of the second battalion of the Durham Militia.

At this time there was no place of worship nearer than Port Hope, where the marriage ceremony could be legally performed. According to the Colonial law, if a magistrate resides more than eighteen miles from a church, he is empowered to marry parties applying to him for that purpose, after three written notices have been put up in the most public places in the township, with the names and residences of the parties for at least a fortnight previous to the marriage. I witnessed several of these marriages during my stay in Darlington, some of which were highly amusing.

One morning a near neighbour presented himself and a very pretty young woman, as candidates for matrimony. He was an American by birth, and a shrewd, clever, sensible person. After the ceremony, the bridegroom invited me to partake of the wedding-dinner, and I went.

The dinner was very good, though not served exactly in the English fashion. We, however, managed to enjoy ourselves very much. After tea, dancing commenced, to the music of two fiddles, when country-dances, reels, and French fours were all performed with much spirit. The music was very good, the dancing but indifferent. I could not help thinking

"How ill the motion with the music suits,
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes."

During the pauses between the dances, some lady or gentleman would favour the company with a song. Then plays—as they are called—were introduced; such as hunt the slipper, cross questions and crooked answers, ladies' toilette, and several others of the same kind, in which forfeits had to be redeemed by the parties making mistakes in the game—a procedure of course productive of much noise, kissing, and laughter. Refreshments were handed round in great profusion, and the entertainment wound up with a dance, which, I believe, is of purely American origin. A chair is placed in the middle of the room, on which a young lady is seated; the company then join hands, and dance round her, singing these elegant lines:—

"There was a young woman sat down to sleep,
Sat down to sleep, sat down to sleep;
There was a young woman sat down to sleep,
Heigh-ho!—heigh-ho!—heigh-ho!

"There was a young man to keep her awake,
To keep her awake, to keep her awake;
There was a young man to keep her awake,
Heigh-ho!—heigh-ho!—heigh ho!

"John R—— his name shall be,
His name shall be, his name shall be;
John R—— his name shall be,
Heigh-ho!—heigh-ho!—heigh-ho!

The gentleman named walks up to the lady, salutes her, raises her from the chair, and seats himself in her stead, the rest dancing round, and singing as before, only substituting the gentleman, and naming the lady who is to release the gentleman in the same way, till all the ladies and gentlemen have been seated in their turn.

As soon as this queer species of Mazurka was concluded, the company broke up, seemingly well pleased with their entertainment. The introduction of English manners and customs during the last quarter of a century has tended greatly to improve society. It is now only amongst the lower orders that parties of this kind would be tolerated.

On my return home, I found an official letter from the Adjutant-general of the Upper Canada Militia, in which I was informed I was appointed by his Excellency Sir P. Maitland to an Ensigncy in the first regiment of Durham Militia. The effective militia of this province is, I believe, about 150,000 men. All persons, from sixteen to sixty, must enrol their names once a year, and all from sixteen to forty, must muster for general training on the 28th of June in each year. The officers, in time of war, receive the same pay and allowances as those in the line.

The winters of 1825 and 1826 were considered cold, even for Canada. The sleighing was good from the middle of December to the middle of March, with the exception of the January thaw, which continued for upwards of a week, and took away nearly all the snow. This thaw, though periodical, is not every year of the same duration, nor does it always take away the snow. Sometimes it is attended by strong gales of wind, from the southward, and with heavy thunder and lightning, which was particularly the case last January. The month of February is generally considered the coldest of the winter months. I have frequently known the thermometer range from 16° to 20° below zero, for a week together. On one day of the winter of which I am speaking, it was as low as 35°. This, however, is unusual.

The coldest day I ever remember was in the winter of 1833. It was called the "Cold Sunday." The quicksilver in Fahrenheit's thermometer was frozen in the ball, which marks 39° below zero. It was, however, stated in the papers, both in Canada and the State of New York, that the real cold was 40° below zero, or 72° below freezing point. I dined at a friend's that day, who resided three miles from my farm in Douro. The

day was clear, not a cloud being above the horizon. The sun was of a dull copper-colour, and the horizon towards the north-west tinged with the same hue. Not a breath of wind was stirring. The smoke from the chimneys rose straight up into the air, and appeared unable to disperse through the atmosphere. My horses were as white as snow from the steam of their bodies freezing upon them; the reins were frozen as stiff as rods; the air seemed to cut like a knife. I was only a quarter of an hour upon the road, but even in that time I felt the cold severely, and was very glad when I got into the house to a large wood fire. The cold obliged the whole party at dinner to take their plates upon their knees and sit round the fire. But, as I said before, this is only an extreme case, and might not happen again for twenty years.

The excessive cold seldom lasts more than three days at a time, when it generally moderates, though not sufficiently to soften the snow. The dryness of the atmosphere and snow makes you feel the cold much less in proportion than in England. You do not experience that clinging, chilly, damp sort of cold in Canada that you do in the British Isles. For my part, I much prefer a Canadian winter, where the roads are good, the

sleighing good, and your health good. Sickness is scarcely known here in the winter months.

If I could have purchased land on the lake-shore, I should have liked to settle in Darlington; but I found the farms I fancied much too high-priced for my pocket. So at last I made up my mind to go back to the new settlement of Peterborough, and see what sort of a place it was, and what it was likely to become.

Accordingly, I started on my journey, and travelled east, along the Kingston road, parallel with the shore of lake Ontario for about twenty-four or five miles to the boundary line, between the townships of Hope and Hamilton. After this I walked for twenty-seven miles through Cavan and Monaghan, to the town of Peterborough, which, at that time contained one log-house and a very poor saw-mill, erected some five or six years before by one Adam Scott to supply the new settlement of Smith with lumber.

I found several hundreds of Mr. Robinson's Irish emigrants camped on the plains. Many had built themselves huts of pine and spruce boughs; some with slabs and others with logs of trees. Three or four Government store-houses and a house for the Superintendent, the Hon. Peter Robinson, were in course of erection. I

had letters of introduction to that gentleman, and also to the Hon. T. A. Stewart, and Robert Reid, Esq. The two latter gentlemen resided in the township of Douro, and were at that time the only settlers in that part of Canada.

As I did not much like the appearance of the lodgings I was likely to obtain in the new town, I went on to Mr. Stewart's house, and presented my credentials. Nothing could have been more cordial than the welcome I received from him. This gentleman and his brother-in-law, Robert Reid, Esq., obtained a grant of land from the Colonial Government, on condition that they would become actual settlers on the land, and perform certain settlement duties, which consisted in chopping out and clearing the concession lines.* Before the Crown patent could issue, the party contracting to perform the settlement duties was obliged to appear before a magistrate, and make an affidavit that he or they had chopped and cleared certain concession lines opposite the lots of land mentioned in the certificate.

* Every township is laid out by the surveyor in parallel lines, sixty-six chains apart. These lines are sixty-six feet in width, and are given by government as road allowances, for the use of the public, and are called concession lines. Cross lines run at right angles with the former every thirty chains, and are called lot-lines: they subdivide the township into two hundred acre lots: every fifth cross line is a road allowance.

This was a bad law, because many of these lines crossing high hills, swamps or lakes, were impracticable for road-purposes: many thousand pounds consequently were entirely and uselessly thrown away: besides, it opened a door for perjury.

Land-speculators would employ a third party to perform their settlement duties; all they required to obtain the deed, or "lift" as it is called in Canadian parlance, was the sworn certificate for cutting the road, allowances, and the payment of certain fees to Government. The consequence of this was, that many false certificates were sworn to, as few persons or magistrates would be at the trouble and expense of travelling thirty or forty miles back into an uninhabited part of the country, to ascertain if the parties had sworn truly or not.

A magistrate in my neighbourhood told me that a Yankee chopper came to him one day and demanded to be sworn on a settlement duty certificate, which he did to the following effect, "that he had cut a chain between two posts opposite lots so and so, in the concession of ——township. The road allowances are a chain in width, and posts are planted and marked on each side of the concession, at the corners of each lot.

"I had some suspicion," he said, "in my

own mind that the fellow had sworn falsely, so I determined to ascertain the truth. I knew a person residing within a mile or two of the place, to whom I wrote for information, when I found, as I expected, that not a tree had been cut on the line. I therefore summoned the Yankee, on the information of the farmer, to appear before a brother magistrate and myself to answer for his delinquency.

"So, sir," I said, "you came before me and swore to a false certificate. Do not you know you have committed perjury, which is a very serious offence. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Wal, I guess, Mister, I han't committed no perjury. I swore I cut a chain between two posts opposite them lots, and I can prove it by Ina Buck, for he was with me the hul time I was doing on't."

"Now, Mr. Buck, what can you prove?"

"Wal, gentlemen, I was along with Jonathan Stubbs when he went to chop the settlement duties, and when we got to the posts opposite the lots, he said, 'Wal, this looks plaguy ugly any how! I calculate I must fix these duties the short way,' so he pulled out of his pocket a short piece of trace-chain which he laid on a stone in a line between the two posts, and with

a stroke or two of his axe severed it in two. 'Now,' said he, 'Ina Buck, I guess you are a witness that I cut a chain between two posts, so they can't fix me nohow?'"

"He was, however, a little out of his calculation, for we did fix him, and sent him to jail, where I dare say he had ample time to plan some new device for performing settlement duties."

My new friend advised me to purchase land adjoining his grant, which was very prettily situated on the banks of the Otonabee, in the township of the same name, within a mile of Peterborough. The price asked was fifteen shillings per acre, which was high for wild land at that time, but the prospect of a town so near had improved the market considerably.

I took his advice, closed the bargain, and became a landed proprietor in Canada West. On the 16th of May, 1826, I moved up with all my goods and chattels, which were then easily packed into a single horse waggon, and consisted of a plough iron, six pails, a sugar kettle, two iron pots, a frying pan with a long handle, a tea kettle, a chest of carpenters' tools, a Canadian axe, and a cross-cut saw. My stock of provisions comprised a parcel of groceries, half a barrel of pork and a barrel of flour.

The roads were so bad that it took me three days to perform a journey of little more than fifty miles. We (that is to say myself and my two labourers) had numerous upsets; but at last reached the promised land without any further trouble. My friend in Douro turned out the next day and assisted me to put up the walls of my shanty and roof it with bass-wood troughs, which was completed before dark.

I was kept busy for more than a week chinking between the logs and plastering up all the crevices, cutting out a doorway and place for a window, casing them, making a door and hanging it on wooden hinges, &c. I also made a rough table and some stools, which answered better than they looked. Four thick slabs of lime-stone, placed upright in one corner of the shanty with clay well packed behind them to keep the fire off the logs, answered very well for a chimney with a hole cut through the roof directly above, to vent the smoke.

I made a tolerably good bedstead out of some iron-wood poles, by stretching strips of elm-bark across, which I plaited strongly together to support my bed, which was a very good one, and the only article of luxury I possessed.

I had very foolishly hired two Irish emigrants,

who had not been longer in Canada than myself, and of course knew nothing either of chopping, logging, fencing, or, indeed, any work belonging to the country, The consequence of this imprudence was, that the first ten acres I cleared cost me nearly 5*l.* an acre*—at least 2*l.* more than it should have done. Experience is often dearly bought, and in this instance the proverb was fully verified.

I found chopping, in the summer months, very laborious. I should have underbrushed my fallow in the fall, before the leaves fell, and chopped the large timber during the winter months, when I should have had the warm weather for logging and burning, which should be completed by the first day of September. So, for want of experience, it was all up-hill work with me.

This was the season for musquitoes and black flies. The latter are ten times the worse of the two. This happened to be a bad fly year, and I, being a new comer, was nearly devoured by them. Luckily, they do not last more than a month, and it is only before rain that they are so very annoy-

* The usual price for clearing land, and fencing it fit for sowing, is, for hard wood, from eleven to twelve dollars per acre; for evergreen, such as pine, hemlock, cedar, or where that kind of timber predominates, from twelve to fourteen dollars per acre. There is no fixed price for swamp.

ing. I have seen children whose necks were one mass of sores, from the poisonous nature of their bite: sheep, calves, and foals, are sometimes killed by them. Nor is this, indeed, an unfrequent occurrence. It must be, however, borne in mind that, as the country is cleared up, and the woods recede, the flies disappear. In the clearings along the front townships, the flies are not more troublesome than they are in England.

The farm on which I now reside used to swarm terribly with flies, lying, as it does, near the water; but, for the last three years, it has been entirely free from them, especially from the black flies.*

A person who understands chopping, can save

* These insects are always much worse, and more numerous, when the spring is backward, and the floods are higher than usual. From close observation, I believe the larvæ are deposited during high water on the rocks, when, as soon as the water falls, the heat of the sun hatches the insects. I have remarked large stones, which had been under water during the flood, covered over with small brown coloured cells, exactly the shape, and very little bigger than a seed of buckwheat. From out of these cells, on a sunny day, the flies rise in clouds, for they bite through the envelope, and emancipate themselves. Being provided with a sharp appetite, they will attack you the minute they are at liberty. These pests begin to appear between the 10th of May and 1st of June, according to the earliness or lateness of the season. Towards the end of June, numbers of small dragon-flies make their appearance, which soon eat up all the black-flies, to which repast, you may be sure, they are heartily welcome.

himself a good deal of trouble and hard work by making what is called a plan-heap. Three or four of these may be made on an acre, but not more. The largest and most difficult trees are felled, the limbs only being cut off and piled. Then all the trees that will fall in the same direction, should be thrown along, on the top of the others, the more the better chance of burning well. If you succeed in getting a good burn for your fallow, the chances are, if your plan-heaps are well made, that they will be mostly consumed, which will save a great many blows of the axe, and some heavy logging.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LOGGING BEE.— LIME-BURNING.—SHINGLING.—ARRIVAL OF MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.—BIRTH OF MY SON.—SAD JOURNEY TO DARLINGTON. — LOSE MY WAY. — AM REFUSED A LIFT.—MY BOYISH ANGER.— MY WIFE'S DEATH. — THE FUNERAL. — I LEAVE DARLINGTON.

My fallow was finished by the first week in July, but I did not put fire to it until the first week in August, because the timber was so green. Indeed, I did not expect the fire would run at all. I was, however, agreeably deceived, for I got a very respectable burn, which gave me great help.

As soon as the ground was cool enough, I made a logging Bee, at which I had five yokes of oxen and twenty men, four men to each team. The teamster selects a good place to commence a heap, generally against some large log which the cattle would be unable to move. They draw all the logs within a reasonable distance in front of the large log. The men with hand-spikes roll them, one upon the top of the other, until the heap is seven or eight feet high, and ten or twelve

broad. All the chips, sticks, and rubbish are then picked up and thrown on the top of the heap. A team and four good men should log and pick an acre a day when the burn has been good.

My hive worked well, for we had five acres logged and set fire to the same evening. On a dark night, a hundred or two of these large heaps all on fire at once have a very fine effect, and shed a broad glare of light for a considerable distance. In the month of July in the new settlements, the whole country at night appears lit up by these fires.

I was anxious to commence building my house, so that I might have it ready to receive my wife in before the winter commenced. My first step towards it was to build a lime-heap. I calculated I should require for plastering my walls and building my chimneys, about a hundred bushels.

We set to work, accordingly, and built an immense log-heap of all the largest logs I could get together. It took at least the timber growing on half an acre of land for this purpose, and kept five men and myself busy all day to complete it. We made a frame of logs on the top of the heap, to keep the stone from falling over the side. We drew for this purpose twenty cart-loads of lime-

stone, which we threw upon the summit of the heap, having broken it small with a sledge-hammer; fire was then applied to the heap, which was consumed by the next morning. But it left such a mass of hot coals, that it was a week before the lime could be collected and covered. This is the easiest and most expeditious way of burning lime; but the lime is not so white, and there are more pieces of unburnt stone, which make it not so good for plastering.

I built my house of elm-logs, thirty-six feet long by twenty-four feet wide, which I divided into three rooms on the ground-floor, besides an entrance-hall and staircase, and three bed-rooms up stairs. I was very busy till October making the shingles,* roofing, cutting out the door and

* Shingles are made either of pine or cedar. I prefer the white pine, because it is less liable to gutter with the rain, and makes an evener roof. Every settler in the bush should know how to make shingles, and how to choose a tree fit for that purpose, or much labour may be thrown uselessly away. I do not know anything more annoying than, after cutting down a tree, perhaps more than four feet in diameter, and sawing a block eighteen inches long out of the centre, to find that it will not split fair, or (if it does) that the wood eats, which means, that the grain, though straight in the length of the shingle, makes short deep curves, which render it bad to split, and cause holes to appear in the shingle when you come to shave them. The grain of most trees naturally inclines towards the sun, or the same way round the tree as the sun's course. Consequently, a tree may be perfectly straight in the grain, where you chop it down, yet, ten or twelve feet up, it

window-spaces, and hewing the logs down inside the house.

I was anxious to complete the outside walls, roof, and chimneys before the winter set in, so that I might be able to work at the finishing part inside, under cover, and with the benefit of a fire.

As soon as my little fallow was ready for sow-

may wind so much as to be totally useless. To obviate this difficulty, attend to the following hints. :—First, select a good-sized tree, the larger the better, perfectly clear of outside knots for fifty or sixty feet. The head should be luxuriant, and the large limbs drooping downwards. Peel off with your axe a stripe of bark as high as you can reach. If, on examination, the grain is the least inclined towards the sun, reject it. If, on the contrary, it curves slightly in the opposite direction, or against the sun, you may proceed to try it by cutting out a piece a foot long, and three or four inches deep. Place your axe in the centre, and split it open. Continue to do so till you have reduced the piece to the thickness of two shingles, which again divide neatly in the middle. If the timber is good and fit for your purpose, the pieces will fly apart with a sudden snap, and will be perfectly clear in the grain on both sides, while, if the timber be not good, the grain of the one piece will eat into the other, or run off without splitting clear the whole length of the block. The blocks should be cut eighteen inches long, and split into quarters, and the sap-wood dressed off. It is then ready for the frow—as the instrument used for splitting shingles is called. A good splitter will keep two men shaving and packing. The proper thickness is four to the inch: the packing-frame should be forty inches long, and contain fifty courses of shingles, which make a thousand. The price varies from five shillings to seven and sixpence, according to quality. The upper bar of the packing-frame should be wedged down very tightly across the centre of the bunch, which will keep them from warping with the sun.

ing with wheat, I discharged my two Irishmen, of whom I was very glad to be rid. I would advise new colonists never to employ men who have not been some time in Canada: it is much better to pay higher wages than to be troubled with fellows who know nothing about the work of the country. Besides, these persons, though accustomed to bad wages and food at home, actually expect better provisions and wages than men who thoroughly understand their business: take the following for a fair example.

One day, a stout able-bodied fellow, a fresh importation from the emerald isle, dressed in breeches open at the knees, long worsted stockings, rucked down to the ankles, and a great-coat with at least three capes, while a high-crowned black hat, the top of which opened and shut with every breeze like the lid of a basket, completed his costume—rather a curious one for July, with the thermometer above 80° in the shade—accosted me with—"Does yer honor want to hire a boy to-day?"

He stood at least six feet in his stockings.

"What can you do, and what makes you wear that great coat this hot weather?"

"Why, sure, yer honour, it 's a good un to keep out the heat, and I can do almost anything."

"Can you log, chop, or fence?"

"No."

"Can you plough?"

"No; but I think I could soon larn."

"Can you mow or cradle wheat?"

"I can mow a trifle, but I don't know what the other thing is at all, at all."

"Pray, then, what can you do?"

"Well, then, yer honour, I am illigant at the spade entirely."

"What wages do you expect?"

"Twelve dollars, sir, and my boord, if it be plasing to you."

"No, no, my good fellow; I do not please to do any such thing, and I do not think any one else in his senses will, either. I think you had better apply for work to the road-contractors, who require a good deal of spade-labour, which I think is at present all you are fit for."

Upon returning to my shanty in the evening, I was surprised to find that my brother-in-law had just arrived with the intelligence of the birth of my first-born son, and the dangerous illness of my dear wife. Little hope was entertained of her recovery. My poor Emma had been safely delivered of a fine boy, and was supposed to be progressing favourably, when some alarming symptoms

appeared which made it necessary to send immediately for me.

Long before dawn I was some miles upon my sad journey to Darlington. I had no horse. The way was long and toilsome; and I had had neither time for rest nor appetite for food. I loved my amiable and excellent wife with all the warmth of a youthful husband united to the object of his affections. I am very fond of little children, and the idea of having one of my own to pet and work for had given a stimulus to all my labours. My first-born seemed dearly purchased now at the cost of his poor mother's peril. Still, my ardent temperament led me to hope that my dear wife would be spared. Her loss seemed an event too dreadful to realize, for the boy-husband had had no experience in sorrow then, and his buoyant spirits had never anticipated the crushing blow that had already annihilated his visions of domestic happiness. Fifty-five miles lay between me and my suffering wife. The roads were heavy from the effects of the late rains, and I had the misfortune to lose my way, which added three miles to my long pedestrian journey. Once I overtook a cart containing a boy and girl, whom I vainly entreated to give me a ride. I told them the painful circumstances

which induced me to solicit their aid; but the boy was over-cautious, and the girl unusually hard-hearted for one of her kind and compassionate sex. I could easily have compelled them to give me a seat, but for a sense of moral justice which would not permit me to take that by force which they denied to pity. My boyish indignation, I recollect, was so great that I could scarcely help throwing stones after my unkind fellow-travellers.

It was evening by the time I reached Darlington Mills, and I was still five miles from my father-in-law's house. It was quite dark, and I was so overpowered with my fifty miles' walk, that to proceed without refreshment and rest appeared then to be impossible. I stopped at the tavern and asked for some tea.

I had scarcely been seated two minutes before some men entered, in whose conversation I became immediately and deeply interested. They were discussing what to them was merely local news, but the question, "When is the funeral to take place?" riveted my attention at once.

Putting down the much-needed but untasted refreshment, I demanded of the speaker "Whose funeral?" My heart at once foretold from its inmost depths what the dreaded answer would be.

Yes, she in whom I had placed my earthly hopes of a life-long happiness was, indeed, no more. She was snatched away in the bright morning of her existence with the rapturous feelings of maternity just budding into life. I never knew how I got out of the house, or in what manner I performed the last five miles of the journey. But I remember that in the excitement of that hour I felt neither hunger, thirst, nor weariness. Sometimes I doubted the truth of what I had heard. Indeed, it seemed really too dreadful to be true.

On my arrival at my father-in-law's house, I found that the information I had accidentally heard was unfortunately a sad reality. My brother-in-law had not left Darlington an hour on his journey to Otonabee before my wife breathed her last. I had not even the consolation of bidding her a last adieu. Few can comprehend my feelings on this trying occasion, except those who have suffered under a similar bereavement. I was not yet twenty-one years of age. I was in a strange country—the tie severed between me and my only friends in a manner so afflicting and melancholy—all my hopes and future prospects in life dashed, as it were, to the ground. I had expended all my little capital in providing a com-

fortable home for her, who, alas! was doomed never to behold it; and I had a little son to bring up without the aid of my poor Emma, whose piety and sweet temper would have been so invaluable to our child.

A nurse was obtained for my poor motherless babe, the babe over whom I shed so many tears—a sad welcome, this, to as fine a boy as ever a father's eye looked upon!

I followed the remains of my beloved wife to the grave; and then tarried for a month in that house of sorrow. My only consolation was derived from my knowledge that Emma loved her Saviour, and put her trust in him while passing through the valley of the shadow of death.

"How many hopes have sprung in radiance hence;
Their trace yet lights the dust where thou art sleeping.
A solemn joy comes o'er me, and a sense
Of triumph blent with nature's gush of weeping."

I left my little son in the care of his Irish nurse, and quitted my friend's house, with a heavy heart, for my new settlement at Otonabee.

CHAPTER IX.

RETURN TO OTONABEE.—BENEVOLENCE OF MY NEIGHBOUR.—SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO A SETTLER.—HIS SINGULAR MISFORTUNES.—PARTICULARS OF HIS LIFE.

I RETURNED in sadness to my lonely and desolate home, feeling like a shipwrecked mariner, cast upon a desert shore. In fact, I had to begin life again, without the stimulus of domestic love to quicken my exertions. I had left my land unsown, and therefore the prospect of a crop of wheat for the next year's harvest was, I felt assured, entirely gone. Upon reaching my clearing, I was surprised to find my fallow not only sown but showing the green blade, for some friendly hands had been at work for me in my absence, that pecuniary losses might not be added to my heavy domestic bereavement.

On inquiry, I found I was indebted to the considerate kindness of my excellent neighbour Mr. Reid and his sons, for this act of Christian benevolence. I hurried to his house to thank

him for the important service he had rendered one, to whom he was almost a stranger. He considered, however, that he had done nothing more than a neighbourly duty, and insisted that I should take up my abode with him, instead of returning to my unfinished and melancholy home.

My residence under his hospitable roof increased my esteem for his character, which my long experience of six-and-twenty years has never diminished. Mrs. Reid treated me with maternal kindness; and in their amiable family-circle my bruised heart recovered its peace, and my spirits their healthy tone. The kindly disposition of my host in all his domestic relations, his cheerful activity, pure morality, and unaffected piety, presented an admirable example to a young man left without guidance in a distant colony. But I did not at that time think about becoming his son-in-law, though I had been several months domesticated in his family, till the alacrity displayed by his eldest daughter in hastening to the assistance of a wounded neighbour, through the unknown intricacies of a Canadian forest, led me to consider her character in a new and endearing point of view.

A Mr. G. and his family had just commenced a settlement, about four miles east of Mr. Reid's

clearing, when, early one morning, his eldest son, a lad of twelve or thirteen, with a face full of trouble ran to tell us "that his father had nearly cut his foot off with an axe while chopping logs to build his house, that his mother could not stop the bleeding, and that they were afraid he would bleed to death."

Mr. Reid's eldest daughter immediately volunteered to return with the boy, to render what assistance she could. Without any thought of fatigue, or danger, or trial to her feelings, she set out instantly with the proper bandages. Mr. Reid, his sons, and myself were all chopping in the woods when the lad came, so that Mary followed the spontaneous impulse of her own heart; but as soon as we heard what had happened, her father sent over the river for our nearest neighbour, a stout canny Scotchman, to assist us in carrying the wounded man through the woods to his (Mr. Reid's) house.

John Morison readily obeyed the summons; and had we required any additional help we should have had no difficulty, in a case like this, of finding plenty of volunteers. The only road leading to Mr. G.'s was from the town, a mere bush-road, and full three miles farther than if we could go straight back through the woods.

As the number of his lot was the same as the one* we resided on, we knew that a direct east course would bring us within call of his clearing. It was, therefore, agreed that Mr. Reid's eldest son should endeavour, with a pocket compass, to run a line in the direction which we wanted to go, and that I should blaze† out the line with the axe, while the rest chopped out the under-brush and levelled the path sufficiently wide to allow the passage of a litter.

We had some difficulty in avoiding one or two small swamps and a high hill, but finally succeeded in finding a good line of road; and so accurate was our surveyor and engineer in this, his first attempt, that his line actually struck the

* Each concession is divided into two hundred acre lots, numbering from the boundary line from number one upwards. According to the new survey, the lots run nearly east and west; therefore, number one in the first concession will have a corresponding number west, across every concession in the township.

† Blazing is a term used by the backwoodsman for chopping off a portion of the bark from each side of a tree to mark a surveyor's line through the woods. All concession roads, or lot lines are marked in this manner; wherever a lot line strikes a concession, a short post with the number of the lot and concession is marked on each side of the post. If a tree comes directly on the line where the post should be planted, the tree is substituted. A blaze is made on each side, about three feet from the ground, and the numbers marked. I have frequently in the matter of disputed lines seen the surveyor cut the old blaze off, perhaps, of twenty years' growth, and discover the numbers perfect, although the wood had made such a growth over the original blaze.

little chopping* of not more than a quarter of an acre where poor G. lay.

It was past three o'clock in the afternoon before the road was completed and the litter made, the last being effected by cutting two iron-wood poles eight feet long, and fastening them together by broad straps of bass-wood bark three feet apart. A blanket, doubled, was then laid over these straps, upon which we placed the poor man, whose bleeding wound had been stopped with some difficulty.

It appeared that a small twig had caught the axe, which caused it to glance in its descent, and struck the instep of his right foot, making a gash about five inches long, the edge of the axe coming out at the sole of the foot. It was a dreadful cut, —one of the worst I ever saw—and I have seen and dressed a great many axe wounds since my residence in Canada.

Mr. G. was a very heavy man, and as *only* four persons could conveniently carry him at once, we found it very hard work. I was completely done up when we reached the house.

Mr. Reid and his family did everything in their

* This gentleman, John Reid, Esq. is now a deputy provincial surveyor and county engineer. As a land-surveyor there are few better in the province.

power to make him and his wife comfortable. Mr. Stewart, his brother-in-law, kindly sent for two of the children : the other two remained with their father and mother.

It was ten months before the poor invalid was able to leave his hospitable host, and resume his settlement in the bush. I mention this little circumstance to show what kindly feelings exist between the settlers, especially in cases of this kind. I shall also relate some remarkable passages in this poor man's life which present an almost unparalleled train of misfortune. I shall tell his dismal story, as nearly as possible, in his own words.

The experience of life proves to a certainty, that some persons are compelled to drink deeper of the cup of adversity than others, nay even to drain it to the dregs.

We know that the Jews of old and the heathen world still suppose that such are visited for their sins by the judgment of Heaven ; but the Divine Teacher has taught us better things, and warned us against such rash conclusions, instructing us indeed that

> " There surely is some guardian power
> That rightly suffers wrong ;
> Gives vice to bloom its little hour,
> But virtue late and long."

Poor G. was one of these unfortunate persons, whose melancholy history I will now relate, in his own words.—He was, it seems, a native of Ireland, from which country he emigrated soon after the last American war, with his wife and two children, leaving three other children at home with his father and mother, who were the proprietors of a small estate in the county of Cork. He arrived safely with his family at the Big Bay in Whitby (Windsor,) and purchased a lot of land close to the lake-shore.

In those days, the emigrant's trials were indeed hard, compared with what they are now. The country was quite unsettled, excepting that here and there the nucleus of a small village appeared to vary its loneliness, for the clearings were mostly confined to the vicinity of the Great Lake. There were no plank, gravel, or macadamized roads then; saw and grist-mills were few-and-far-between. It was no uncommon thing then for a farmer to go thirty or forty miles to mill, which cause indeed sometimes detained him a whole week from his family; and, even more, if any accident had happened to the machinery. Besides this inconvenience, he had to encounter risks for himself and his cattle,—from bad bridges, deep mud-holes, and many other annoyances—I

might say, with truth, "too numerous to mention." The few farms in that neighbourhood were then chiefly occupied by Americans, some of whom had found it highly desirable to expatriate themselves; and might have exclaimed with the celebrated pick-pocket, Barrington, in a prologue spoken to a convict-audience in New South Wales,—

> "Friends, be it understood,
> We left our country for our country's good."

I have no intention of reflecting here on the national honour of the American nation; but it is a well-known fact, that many of the early frontier settlers were persons who had evaded the payment of their just debts or, perhaps, legal penalties for worse offences, by crossing the lines, and forming settlements in Canada. Such persons are not a fair specimen of American character. Individually, I have nothing to say against the Americans, but rather the contrary, for I have found them good and obliging neighbours.

I have heard it generally asserted, that the Yankees are the greatest rogues under the sun. If *smartness* in trading, or barter, be roguery, they richly deserve the epithet; but I deny that

their intentions are one whit more dishonest than those of the persons with whom they trade. That their natural shrewdness and general knowledge give them an advantage, I am quite ready to admit; and perhaps they are not over-scrupulous in exercising it to the discomfiture of their less-gifted neighbours.

Unfortunately, Mr. G. purchased his land of a squatter, who had no title himself, and consequently could give none to the purchaser, who, after three or four years of hard labour upon it—when he had fondly hoped he had surmounted the greatest difficulties—found that the Government had issued a deed for the benefit of another person before he came into possession, who could not be induced to give up his legal rights to the unfortunate cultivator. He was so disheartened by this occurrence, that he determined to sell all he had and leave the country, which resolution he put into immediate execution.

He took a passage for himself and family in a ship, timber-laden, from Quebec, bound for Liverpool. It was late in the fall: the vessel was one of the last that sailed; consequently, they experienced very rough weather, accompanied with snow and sleet. Mid-way across the Atlantic, they encountered a dreadful storm, which left the

ship a mere wreck on the ocean. To add to their misfortunes, a plank had started, owing, it was supposed, to the shifting of some part of the cargo during the gale; and so quickly did the vessel fill, that they only saved two eight-pound pieces of salt pork and a few biscuits.

"I had," he said, "also in my pocket, a paper containing two or three ounces of cream of tartar. Luckily, a cask of water, lashed on deck, was providentially preserved, amidst the general destruction.

"Our ship's company consisted of the captain, mate, and six seamen, besides a medical man, myself, my poor wife, and two children, who were cabin passengers. We made several unsuccessful attempts to procure a supply of provisions; consequently, it became absolutely necessary to give out what we had in the smallest possible rations.

"The fourth night was ushered in by another storm, more terrific even than the last. A heavy sea struck the vessel, sweeping overboard the captain and three seamen; and the poor doctor's leg was broken at the same time, by a loose spar.

"We passed a fearful night; nor did the morning add to our comfort, for my daughter

died from exposure and want, just as the day dawned.

"On the seventh morning, the doctor, who had suffered the greatest agony from his swollen leg, sank at last; the paper of cream of tartar I had in my pocket being the only relief for his dreadful fever, during his misery. My poor wife and remaining child soon followed. We now had fine dry weather, which was some relief to our intolerable misery.

"On the twentieth day, the last of our provisions was consumed. I had an old pair of deer-skin mocassins on my feet: these we carefully divided amongst us. We had now serious thoughts of drawing lots, to see which of us should die, for the preservation of the rest. I, however, begged they would defer such a dreadful alternative to the latest minute.

"On the twenty-first night of our disaster, I had a most remarkable dream: I thought I saw a fine ship bearing down to our assistance, and that she was called "The London of London." I related my dream to my companions, in hopes it might raise their spirits, which, however, it failed to do; for nothing was to be seen on that dreary waste of water, though we scanned the horizon in every direction. For upwards of two hours after, we

scarcely spoke a word, when suddenly the sun, which had been obscured all the morning, shone out brightly and warm for the season of the year. I mechanically raised myself and looked over the bulwarks, when, to my astonishment and delight, I beheld a ship, the very counterpart of the one I had seen in my dream, bearing down directly for the wreck.

"It is not easy to describe our various feelings on this occasion: we could scarcely believe our senses when the boat came along side. We were so reduced by famine and exposure, that we had to be lifted into her. In this state of exhaustion every attention was paid us by the humane captain and crew.

"As soon as I was on board, I asked the name of the vessel, when I was surprised to find she was called the 'Portaferry of Portaferry.' Although the name was not that borne by the vessel of which I had dreamed, it must be considered at least a remarkable coincidence.

"Great care was taken to prevent us eating too ravenously at first: we received every kindness our weak condition required; but, notwithstanding these precautions, two of my companions in misery died before we reached Ireland.

"When we arrived at Strangford, in the north of Ireland, I was entirely destitute—I had lost everything I possessed. Fortunately for me, I belonged to the honourable fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, who kindly furnished me with clothing, and money sufficient to take me home, which I reached in safety.

"Like almost every person who has resided a few years in Canada, I found it impossible to content myself at home; and, although I had no great reason to be fond of the country on account of the treatment I had experienced, still, there is that indescribable charm in the free life of a Canadian settler, which is wanting in a more civilized country: I, therefore, determined once more to try my fortune.

"I accordingly embarked with the young wife I had lately married, and the three children I had formerly left in Ireland with my parents. We sailed early in the spring of 1825. My ill luck still attended me; for owing to the dense fogs we experienced on the banks of Newfoundland, we got out of our course, and our ship struck the shore near Cape Ray: fortunately the sea was smooth and the weather fine: so that when daylight broke we were able, without much diffi-

culty, to be landed on that most inhospitable shore,

"Where the bones of many a tall ship lie buried."

"We saved little or nothing from the wreck; for, as the day advanced, the wind freshened into a gale, which blowing on shore, soon settled the fate of our gallant bark. The shore was soon strewn with casks, bales, and packages, some of which we were able to secure. Our captain chartered a small fishing-vessel, which landed us at last safely at Quebec. And now, you see, after enduring almost unheard-of sufferings, I am again prostrated by this unfortunate accident."

Such was the account given me by Mr. G——, who put into my hand, at the same time, an old Belfast newspaper, containing the account of his first wreck and sufferings. So I have no reason to doubt the entire truth of his statement.

After his foot healed he returned to his land, and, with the assistance of his family, cleared up a large farm. His location, however, was not well chosen; and, consequently, he was not a thriving settler. He, however, managed to bring up a large family, who are now sufficiently independent of him to maintain themselves and families comfortably.

On his father's death, about three years since, he returned with his wife to Ireland, where I believe he intends to pass the remainder of his days.

I wish to make one remark before closing this chapter: does it not speak well for Canada, when a person, who was neither an active nor a clever person, and who had suffered almost unheard-of misfortunes, was still able to gain a living and see his family settled in comparative comfort? Under such circumstances, what would have been the fate of these people in England or Ireland? —Abject pauperism.

CHAPTER X.

PREPARATIONS FOR MY SECOND MARRIAGE. — DANGEROUS ADVENTURE. — MY WIFE'S NOCTURNAL VISITOR.—WE PREPARE FOR THE RECEPTION OF OUR UNINVITED GUEST. — BRUIN'S UNWELCOME VISIT TO AN IRISH SHANTY.—OUR BEAR-HUNT.—MAJOR ELLIOTT'S DUEL WITH BRUIN.—HIS WOUNDS AND VICTORY.

I SPENT the spring of 1827 very pleasantly in the company of my new friends. I used to go down to my farm every morning, and return in the evening to a cheerful fire-side and agreeable society, which rewarded me for the toils of the day. I had fenced in my fields, planted my spring crops, Indian corn, and potatoes, which looked promising; and I had my house nearly finished. I, therefore, considered it was time I should go and reside in it, and not trespass any longer on the hospitality of my kind and generous friends. As, however, I did not like the thought of living the life of a hermit, and my little boy, for whom I had sent, was weaned, and growing healthy and lovely under the kind hospitality of my friends, required now a

watchful parental care, I proposed to, and was accepted by, my friend's eldest daughter, in whom I found what I sought—a faithful mother for my child, and the most devoted and affectionate wife for myself. A better woman, indeed, never existed. For upwards of twenty-two years she shared my various fortunes, and formed my greatest earthly blessing. A few days before my marriage—an event to which I naturally looked forward for an increase of happiness — an accident occurred, which might have been attended with fatal results to myself, and actually was so to a lad who was in my service. A kind Providence, however, watched over my life, and delivered me from this danger.

My farm was situated on the east shore of the Otonabee river, the town of Peterborough being on the west of that line; and there was no bridge communication between us and that place, so that we were obliged to cross in skiffs, canoes, or any other craft we could get. When the river is flooded in the spring, it is dangerous for persons crossing, unless they are well acquainted with the management of a canoe. Several fatal accidents have indeed happened to the inexperienced at that time of the year, from this cause. Such was the state of the river, when I had to cross it to reach the store,

where I wanted to purchase some articles for my intended marriage. The stream was then at its greatest height, running with extreme rapidity, and I had, to contend with its force, only a small log-canoe, about twelve feet in length, by thirty inches at its greatest breadth, in which three of us ventured upon the turbid water, namely, John Fontaine, a French boy; Michael Walsh, and myself. We crossed a little above the new mill-dam, which had been constructed at the expense of the Government for the Irish emigration, and we managed to get over pretty well. Not so, however, on our return. I was near the middle of the canoe, with a pair of small oars, one of the boys at each end, and all seated at the bottom for greater security. In this manner we got over the main channel; but owing to the swiftness of the current, we were carried down much nearer the dam than we intended. This alarmed the boys a good deal. I begged them to sit still, assuring them I should be able to fetch the canoe into an eddy a little lower down the stream. We were at this time close to an island, which was deeply flooded, owing to the raising of the water by the construction of the dam. From the point of this sunken island, a cedar tree had fallen into the river. It was therefore necessary

that we should drop below this, before we could make the eddy. In the act of passing, the boy Walsh—I suppose from fright—caught hold of the tree, which caused the canoe to swing round broadside to the current, and it instantly filled and upset.

A large quantity of timber had been cut on the island, for the use of the mill and dam. The workmen had piled the tops and limbs of these trees in large heaps, which now floated above the surface of the island. To one of these I immediately swam, and succeeded in getting upon it. I then perceived that Walsh had been swept from the tree to which he had clung, by the force of the current, into the middle of the river, and close to the edge of the falls. I saw at a glance, that his only chance was to swim for the opposite side, which I called on him to do, but he appeared to have lost all self-possession ; for he neither swam for one shore nor the other, but kept his head facing up the stream, uttering wild cries, which, in a few seconds, were silenced for ever.

In the meantime, John Fontaine, the French boy, had succeeded in getting partly across the canoe, which was floating past the heap on which I had taken refuge, and only a few yards from where I was standing. I immediately plucked a

long stick from the brush-heap, and swam near enough to the lad for him to grasp one end of the pole, bidding him leave the canoe, which I told him would be carried over the dam to a certainty, and him with it, if h did not abandon his hold. He, with apparent reluctance, followed my directions, but I had a hard struggle to regain my former place of refuge, with the boy's additional weight. I had some trouble to persuade him to trust himself again in the water. And no wonder; for darkness was fast approaching, and both the island and a narrow channel of the river had still to be crossed. However, trusting to the mercy of God, we again committed ourselves to those wild, swollen waters, which, by the providence of the Almighty, we successfully accomplished. I was obliged to hold the stick between my teeth whilst crossing the channel, drawing along with me my terrified companion, it being necessary for our preservation, that I should have the free use of both my arms. I had on at the time a velveteen shooting coat, the large pockets of which were filled with things I had just purchased from the store; among which I remember there was a dozen cups and saucers, which added no inconsiderable weight to the swimmer.

As soon as we made the shore, we ran down to

the falls, to see if we could hear anything of the poor boy. We shouted, for it was now quite dark, but all in vain; indeed, I had not the slightest hope, as I had seen him carried backwards over the dam into the boiling rapids below, where the best swimmer would not have had the least chance. We failed to discover his remains then, but found his mangled body six days afterwards in a small lake, a mile and a half below the dam.

I was much concerned at the fate of my poor young servant, but felt deeply grateful for my own preservation and that of Fontaine.

A few weeks after my marriage, I was detained one night from home by business, leaving my wife, her little sister, and a small dog, called Suffolk—so named by me in honour of my native county—the sole occupiers of my house, of which the kitchen was still in an unfinished state, part of the floor only being laid. We, however, had to make use of it, until I could procure more boards to finish it, which, in those days, were not very easy to obtain.

In the middle of the night, my wife and her sister were awakened and dreadfully alarmed by a terrible noise in the kitchen, accompanied by the sharp barking of the little dog. They were

quite sure by the low growls and the fury of Suffolk, that it was some wild animal, but whether a bear or wolf they could not tell. Towards morning, this unwelcome visitor took himself off, to their infinite joy. When I came home, they told me the story, at which I laughed very heartily, for I thought their fears had magnified the visit of some neighbour's dog into a bear, or some other wild beast; but they appeared unconvinced, being both frightened and positive. My wife declared, that in the morning she found some of the salt-pork had been abstracted from the barrel, which stood in one corner of the kitchen, by the savage guest.

Now, I knew very well that master Bruin was fond of fresh pork, and I thought it possible that he might think the salt an improvement. At all events, I resolved to be prepared, in case he should pay us a second visit. Accordingly, before going to bed, I loaded my gun with ball, and tied Suffolk up in the vicinity of the pork-barrel. At midnight we were suddenly awakened by the piteous howlings of the poor dog, and by a noise, as if everything in the room had been violently thrown down. I jumped out of bed instantly, and seizing my gun, crept cautiously along the passage, till I came to the kitchen-door, which

I threw open, whereupon some large dark-looking object made a rush for the unfinished part of the floor. I immediately fired; but it was so dark, and the beast so quick in its movements, that I had little chance of hitting him. Whether or not, it had the effect of scaring him so much that he never resumed his nocturnal visitation. Indeed, I stopped his supplies from my larder by finishing the floor and building up the hole between the lower log of the house and the ground.

But to return to my story. As soon as the beast had made his exit, we lighted a candle and examined the room, which we found in confusion and disorder. The barrel of pork was upset and the brine running in miniature rivers over the floor, while poor little Suffolk was bleeding from his wounds—indeed nearly killed. From what I could make out of the footprints outside I am inclined to think my unwelcome visiter was a bear; but this, of course, will for ever remain a mystery.

I have heard many stories of their boldness, to some instances of which I have been an eye-witness. Not very long after the occurrence I have just related, the wife of an Irish emigrant saw a large bear walking very deliberately to-

wards the shanty, which no doubt he mistook for a pigsty, and the inmates for pigs, for they were quite as dirty, therefore it was no great mistake, after all. The woman and her three children had barely time to get into the potato-cellar and shut down the trap-door, when his bear-ship made his forcible entrance through the feeble barrier the door opposed to his strength, much to the dismay and terror of the subterranean lodgers, who lay shaking and quaking for more than an hour, till the dying screams of their fatted pig told them he was after game of a more savoury nature.

In the fall of the year it is no uncommon thing for farmers to have their pigs killed by the bears, particularly in the new settlements.

Bears are, we know, very fond of good things. They are epicures in their way. They like honey, and love pork, and, you may be sure, often pay the settler a visit for the sake of his pigs. As Bruin makes very good eating himself, these visitations are sometimes made at the risk of his own bacon; his warm jacket, which makes comfortable robes for the settler's sleigh, keeping him warm during his journeys on pleasure or business throughout the long Canadian winters.

One day, I was assisting my father-in-law and his sons in logging up his fallow, when we heard a great outcry among the pigs in a belt of woods between Mr. Reid's and Mr. Stewart's clearing, when, suspecting it was a bear attacking the swine, we ran for our guns, and made the best of our way towards the spot from whence the outcry proceeded.

Near the edge of the clearing we met Mr. B——, who was on a visit to his friend and relative Mr. Stewart, driving before him Mr. Reid's sow, which he had just rescued from the grip of an immense bear, that, alarmed by his shouts, dropped his prey and made off in the direction of a small cedar-swamp. We immediately proposed surrounding the place, as there were three of us provided with double-barrelled guns. Mr. B—— took up his station behind a large tree, close to where a small creek ran into the swamp. My brother-in-law John and myself went round to the opposite side, which we entered a few yards apart. We had not proceeded far, when an enormous brute popped up his head from behind some fallen logs and brush, for we had disturbed him in the act of devouring a pig. We both fired at the same instant, but apparently without effect; for he scampered off, passing within a few feet of where

B—— was hid, who fired only one of his barrels, reserving his second in case the bear should turn on him. We ran as fast as we could to the river, for we knew he had gone in that direction. Indeed, Bruin took to the water in fine style, swimming across gallantly. Before we could get another shot at him he had gained the opposite bank. There we gave him a second volley, which did not appear in the least to retard his ascent, so we concluded that it was a regular miss all round. B—— maintained, however, that he had hit him, and wanted us to cross the river and follow the track. We only laughed at him for not firing his second shot, and returned home very much crest-fallen at the ill success of our expedition.

Had we but complied with B——'s wish, we should have found our hunt had been more successful than we imagined, for eight or ten days afterwards John Morison was going on the opposite side of the river to Peterborough, when, upon crossing a small creek, he came quite unexpectedly on the carcass of a large bear, not thirty yards from the bank we had seen him climb. No doubt B——'s shot was the fatal one, as he was not more than five or six yards from him when he fired. The stream, where the beast was found, is in the township of Smith, about a mile and a half from

Peterborough, on the river road, and is well-known by the name of Bear Creek to this day.

There is very little danger of being attacked by Bruin, unless you first molest him. An old she-bear, with cubs, is the most dangerous customer to meddle with.

Major Elliott, of the Canadian Militia, a gentleman with whom I was well acquainted, residing near Rice Lake, in the township of Monaghan, was out one day in the woods partridge-shooting, near the big swamp on the boundary line between Monaghan and Cavan, when he fell in with several old bears and their cubs. He had only one ball with him which he fired at the biggest fellow he could see among them, and wounded him very severely, though not enough to stop him from following his companions. But Elliott was not the man to be baulked without an effort to capture his wounded adversary; so, being in want of a ball, he cut off from his waistcoat some open-work brass buttons, with which he loaded his gun, and followed the track of the wounded bear, which he soon overtook.

Bruin, however, being possessed of considerable pluck, immediately faced about and attacked the major, who gave him a taste of the buttons, as he advanced. But the bear, nothing daunted,

returned to the charge, which Elliott met with a blow from the butt-end of his gun, that was instantly struck from his hand by his formidable antagonist, who immediately closed with him. It now became a regular stand-up fight between Major Elliott and Ursus Major. For a long time it was doubtful which would come off victorious. Elliott was severely wounded about the breast and arms; notwithstanding which, he boldly maintained his ground, and ultimately succeeded in rolling the beast over the trunk of a large pine tree which lay on the ground beside them. Bruin was too much exhausted to climb over the tree, to renew the combat.

Luckily, Elliott received no internal injury, though his flesh was severely lacerated in the contest, which only ended with the bear's life. Ireland, indeed, never sent from her shores a bolder hunter, braver man, or more active backwoodsman, than Major Elliott.*

* This gentleman was afterwards returned as Member of the Provincial Parliament for the county of Durham.

CHAPTER XI.

CANADA THE POOR MAN'S COUNTRY. — DISADVANTAGES OF INEXPERIENCE.—TOWNSHIP OF HARVEY SETTLEMENT.— PAUPER EMIGRATION.—SUPERIOR ADVANTAGES OF THE LABOURER COLONIST. — TEMPERANCE AND TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES. — A DRY ANSWER TO WATERY ARGUMENTS. — BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

THERE is no colony belonging to the British Crown better adapted for the poor industrious emigrant than the Canadas, particularly the Upper Province, which is essentially the poor man's country. Twenty-five years ago, the expense of the voyage out to Quebec, and the difficulty, delay, and additional outlay of the inland journey put it completely out of the power of the needy agriculturist or artizan to emigrate; the very classes, however, who, from their having been brought up from their infancy to hard labour, and used to all sorts of privations, were the best fitted to cope with the dangers and hardships attending the settlement of a new country. The impossibility of the working hand raising funds for emigration, confined the colonists to a

set of men less calculated to contend with difficulties—namely, half-pay officers and gentlemen of better family than income, who were almost invariably the pioneers of every new settlement.

Many high-spirited gentlemen were, doubtless, tempted by the grants of land bestowed upon them by the Government, which made actual settlement one of the conditions of the grant. It followed, as a matter of course, that the majority of these persons were physically disqualified for such an undertaking, a fact which many deserted farms in the rear townships of the county in which I reside painfully indicate.

Eighteen or twenty years ago a number of gentlemen located themselves in the township of Harvey. The spot chosen by them was one of great natural beauty; but it possessed no other advantages, except an abundance of game, which was no small inducement to them. They spent several thousand pounds in building fancy log-houses and making large clearings which they had neither the ability nor industry to cultivate. But, even if they had possessed sufficient perseverance, their great distance from a market, bad roads, want of knowledge in cropping after they had cleared the land, lack of bridges, and poor soil, would have been a great drawback

to the chance of effecting a prosperous settlement. In a few years not a settler remained of this little colony. Some stayed till their means were thoroughly exhausted; others, more wise, purchased ready-cleared farms in the settlements, or followed some profession more congenial to their taste, or more suited to their abilities.

The only persons fit to undertake the hardships of a bush-life, are those who have obtained a certain degree of experience in their own country upon the paternal estate or farm. Men who have large families to provide for, and who have been successful in wood-clearing, are generally willing to sell their improvements, and purchase wild land for their families, whose united industry soon places them in a better farm than they owned before. They are thus rendered greater capitalists, with increased means of providing for their children, who soon take up their standing in society as its favoured class. Indeed, I would strongly advise gentlemen of small capital to purchase ready-cleared farms, which can be obtained in most parts of the country, with almost every convenience, for half what the clearing of bush-land would cost, especially by an inexperienced settler. In fact, since grants of

land are no longer given to the emigrant, there is less inducement to go so far back into the woods.

Since 1826, a steady influx of the working classes from Great Britain and Ireland has taken place. This has tended much to the prosperity of the country, by cheapening labour, and the settlement of vast tracts of wild land.

Several experiments have been made by Government in sending out pauper emigration: that from the south of Ireland, under the superintendance of the late Hon. Peter Robinson in 1824, was the most extensive, and came more immediately under my own observation. I have understood that some most obnoxious and dangerous characters were shipped off in this expedition—no doubt to the great comfort of landlords, agents, and tithe-proctors.

The Government behaved very liberally to these settlers. A grant of a hundred acres of good land was given to each head of a family, and to every son above twenty-one years of age.

A good milch cow, and rations of pork and flour were assigned to each emigrant family. These provisions they continued to receive for upwards of eighteen months, besides a variety of stores, such as axes, hammers, saws, nails, grindstones,

&c. A good log-shanty was also built on each settler's lot. These people have done as well as could be expected, considering the material of which they were composed. It has been observed that, whenever these people were located amongst the Protestant population, they made much better settlers than when remaining with Catholics.

In fact, a great improvement is perceptible in the morality, industry and education of the rising generation, who grow up more virtuous and less bigoted to their exclusive religious opinions.

As a general rule, the English, Scotch, and north of Ireland men make much better and more independent colonists than emigrants from the south of Ireland.

Seven years after the location of Robinson's emigrants, a colony of Wiltshire people settled in the township of Dummer under many more disadvantages than those placed by Government in the township of Douro.

The Dummer people had no shanties built for them, no cows, and were given much worse land; and yet they have done much more in a shorter time. An air of comfort and cleanliness pervades their dwellings, and there is a neatness about their farms and homesteads which is generally wanted in the former.

It must, however, be borne in mind that paupers sent out by the Government, or by their own parishes, are not a fair specimen by which to judge the working classes, who emigrated at their own expense. Of the latter, I know hundreds who, upon their arrival in the Upper Province, had spent their last shilling, and who, by persevering industry, are now worth hundreds of pounds. No person need starve in Canada, where there is plenty of work and good wages for every man who is willing to labour, and who keeps himself sober. The working man with a family of grown children, when fairly established on his farm, is fully on a par, as regards his prospects, with the gentleman, the owner of a similar farm, and possessing an income of 100*l.* per annum. The reason is obvious. The gentleman and his family have been used to wear finer clothes, keep better company, and maintain a more respectable appearance, and if he has children, to give them a more expensive education.

Then, again, the gentleman and his family are physically less qualified to undergo the hardships and toil of a practical farmer's life. On the other hand, the working man thinks it no degradation to send his sons and daughters out to service, and

the united product of their wages amount, probably to eight or ten pounds per month. He is contented with home-spun cloth, while the spinning and knitting—and sometimes weaving—required by the family, are done at home. Labour, indeed, is money; and hence in a few years the gentleman with his income is soon distanced, and the working hand becomes the man of wealth, while his children eventually form a part of the aristocracy of the country, if the father gives them a suitable education.

There is one thing, however, to be said in favour of the gentleman—namely, his education, which fits him for offices and professions which must remain for ever out of the reach of the half-ignorant. It is, therefore, only in agricultural pursuits, and mechanical operations, that the working man is able to obtain a superiority; and then only if he be sober and industrious, for whiskey has been the great bane of the colony. Hundreds of our cleverest mechanics, and many of gentler blood, have fallen victims to its influence.

It is said that temperance societies have done a great deal towards checking this evil, and that the new society, the "Sons of Temperance," will complete what the others began. I am quite

willing to admit it as a fact, because I believe that the practice of temperance has gained ground, both in Canada and the United States. But I am unwilling to allow that the means taken to effect that much-desired object are the best that might be adopted. Indeed, I think, in some instances, the endeavour to prohibit the use of fermented drink altogether, has been carried to unchristian lengths.

I believe that, if the same amount of money had been expended in propagating the gospel, as has been laid out by these total abstinence societies, more real converts to temperance would have been gained, because principle and true religion would have been the bases on which the reformation was founded.

Throughout the whole Bible and Testament, there is not a single command to abstain totally from either wine or strong drink ; but there is a positive one respecting the abuse, and dreadful denunciations against the drunkard. Then in respect to the prohibition, the false prophet has, in the Koran, forbidden his followers to use wine at all. Now, which do we profess to follow, —the precepts of Jesus Christ, or those of Mahomet? But some will say, if your brother offends by his intemperate habits, you should

from intemperance, and the great numbers who had lost their lives by violent means, "for my part," said the lecturer, "I have known nearly three hundred cases of this kind myself."

This broad assertion was too much for one of the audience, an old Wiltshire man, who exclaimed, in his peculiar dialect, "Now, I know that 'ere be a lie. Can you swear that you did ever see three out of them three hundred violent deaths you speak on?"

"Well, I have heard and read of them in books and newspapers; and I once saw a man lying dead on the road, and a jar, half full of whiskey, beside him, which, I think, you will allow is proof enough."

"I thought your three hundred cases would turn out like the boy's cats in his grandmother's garden. Now, I will tell thee, that I did know three men that did kill themselves by drinking of cold water. There was John H——, that overheated hisself, walking from Cobourg, and drank so much water at the cold springs, that he fell down and died in a few minutes. Then there was that workman of Elliott's, in Smith, who dropped in the harvest-field, from the same cause; and the Irishman from Asphodel, whose name I forget. So, you see, that more people do die from drink-

ing cold water than whiskey." Then he turned round to a neighbour, who, like himself, was not over-fond of cold water, and said, "I say, Jerome, which would you rather have, a glass of cold water, or a drap of good beer?"

"I know which I would take," exclaimed Jerome; "I would like a drap of good beer best, I do know."

This dialogue raised such a laugh against the apostle of temperance, that the meeting was fairly broken up, leaving the Wiltshire man triumphing in his victory over cold water and oratory, in the person of the lecturer. The dryness of his arguments prevailed against the refreshing and copious draughts of the pure element recommended by his discomfited opponent.

A good joke is not, however, a good argument, though it stood for one at this meeting. Total abstinence is the best plan to be adopted by habitual drunkards, who, if they can get at strong drink at all, seldom keep their pledge of sobriety. The British and Foreign Temperance Society, in fact, advises the habitually intemperate to abstain altogether, while, at the same time, it aims at bringing the man to repentance and reformation, by the renovating influence of the gospel. If I differ in some respects from that society, in its

prohibition against the use of spirits altogether, in such a climate as Canada, I still must consider its views far more liberal, and more consistent with scripture rules, than that of any other for the promotion of temperance, as, indeed, possessing more of that charity, without which even the most fervent zeal is worse than useless.

CHAPTER XII.

WANT OF HOME-PASTURAGE IN CANADA.—DANGER OF BEING LOST IN THE WOODS.—PLAIN DIRECTIONS TO THE TRAVELLER IN THE BUSH.—STORY OF A SETTLER FROM EMILY.—AN OLD WOMAN'S RAMBLE IN THE WOODS. — ADVENTURE OF A TRAPPER. — FORTUNATE MEETING WITH HIS PARTNER.

One of the greatest inconveniences belonging to a new settlement, for the first four or five years, is the want of pasturage for your working cattle and cows. Consequently, the farmer has to depend entirely on the Bush for their support, for at least seven months out of the twelve. The inconvenience does not arise from any want of food; for the woods, beaver meadows, and the margins of lakes and streams yield an abundance, and the cattle, towards the fall of the year, are sure to grow fat. But it is the trouble of seeking for your cattle.

Sometimes, indeed, in the midst of your greatest hurry, your oxen are nowhere to be found. I have myself often spent two or three days in succession, searching the woods in vain; and it

not unfrequently happens that, while looking for the strayed beasts, you lose yourself in the woods.

As we generally carry a gun with us in these excursions, we often fall in with deer or partridges, which makes the way not only seem less fatiguing, but even pleasant, unless during the season of musquitoes and black flies, when rambling through the Bush is no pleasure to any one.

New-comers are very apt to lose themselves at first, until they get acquainted with the creeks and ridges; and even then, on a dark day or during a snow-storm, they are very likely to go astray. If you have no compass with you, and the sun is obscured, the best way of extricating yourself is, to observe the moss on the trees, which —not every one knows—grows more luxuriantly and in greater quantities on the north side of the tree. It is of little use to look at any tree separately: this will perhaps only mislead you; but if you observe the general aspect of the woods around, the indications may be of great service to you. Towards the north, the trunks of the trees will appear light and cheerful, while the south side will look dark and spotted. This plan, however, will only answer amongst hard woods.* The ridges mostly run north-east and

* Deciduous trees are called hard-wood.

south-west, and the swamps parallel with them. Then, again, in pine woods the general inclination of the timber is from the north-west. All these indications have been successfully followed, and should be borne in mind.

People who lose themselves in the Bush seldom persevere long enough in any one direction. They fancy they are going wrong, and keep changing their course; till probably, after four or five hours' walking, they find themselves near the spot from whence they started. This has occurred to me more than once, and I shall relate a melancholy incident which happened only a few years ago, and which proves what I have just stated.

The person to whom I allude, resided in the township of Emily, and had been all the summer working at his trade in the village of Bowmanville, to earn money sufficient to pay for his land, which he had succeeded by the fall in doing. As the cold weather had set in, he determined to return home, and chop all the winter on his farm. He knew that by crossing the township of Darlington and Manvers in an oblique direction, twenty-five or six miles in length, he could reach his own house in half the time, the distance by the road being more than double that by which he proposed to travel. He therefore determined

to try the short way, although he was well aware that the last eight or ten miles of his road was through the Bush, with not even a blazed line to guide him. He was, however, young and active, and moreover considered himself a good backwoodsman. He started one fine frosty morning early in December, expecting he should be able to reach his own house sometime before sundown.

For the first ten or twelve miles he got on pretty well, as he had a sleigh-track to follow, and as long as the sun shone out he made a good course. Unfortunately for him, a snow-storm came on and obscured his only guide. He, however, struggled on manfully through cedar-swamps and over ridges, with the snow half-way up to his knees, till the approach of darkness compelled him to look out for some place to shelter him from the storm, where he might best pass the weary hours of the coming night.

He selected a dry spot beneath some spreading cedars, and busied himself as long as daylight lasted in collecting as much fire-wood as would last till the morning. He then gathered a quantity of hemlock-brush for his bed, and by breaking off some large limbs from the surrounding evergreens, succeeded at last in forming a temporary

shelter. For a long time he despaired of getting a fire, till he at length found some dry cedar-bark, which he finally succeeded in igniting with a piece of punk,* which every backwoodsman carries with him for that purpose. Though the poor fellow had only taken with him provisions for a day's journey, he made a hearty supper, merely reserving a portion for his breakfast, not suspecting that he should fail in reaching his destination. He fully expected he should see the sun in the morning, which would enable him to correct this course; for he knew that he was in the township of Manvers, and not more than seven or eight miles from his own home.

Wearied with his day's journey, he slept the greater part of the night, although awakened occasionally by the cold. At such times he would heap fresh fuel on the fire, and again compose himself to sleep.

To his infinite joy the morning beamed brightly—the sun shone out. With a light heart and renewed confidence he again shaped his course eastward, following the direction in which his house lay; and there is no doubt, had the day remained clear, he would in a few hours have

* A substance obtained from the sugar-maple, similar to German tinder.

extricated himself from the dilemma into which he had fallen. His disappointment was great when he again beheld the sky overcast, and the snow falling thickly around him. He pushed on, however, bravely, till at length a thick cedar-swamp lay before him. For some time he travelled along its edge, in the hope of finding a narrow spot to cross, but in this he was disappointed, so he determined to attempt the passage. He fully believed, once on the other side, he should know the face of the country, from his having so often hunted game, or searched for his cattle in that direction.

For fully an hour he presssd on through a complete thicket of cedar; but it was all random work, for the evergreens were so loaded with snow, that it was quite impossible to go one hundred yards in a straight course. At last he saw the tops of hard-wood trees before him, which again revived his sinking spirits, for he thought he had crossed the swamp. Alas, poor fellow! he was mistaken. He had come out on the very side by which he had entered it, but of this he was not aware at the time. He, however, wondered that he did not recognize any part of the ground he was travelling over.

At length, to his great joy, he came upon the

fresh track of a man, which he had no doubt belonged to some person, who was then out from the settlement, still hunting ;* for he knew that Manvers was the most celebrated township for deer in the Newcastle District. As he observed that the footprints were going in a contrary direction to what he was, this circumstance gave him increased confidence. Two or three times, however, he thought some of the small swamps and ridges looked vastly like what he had traversed in the early part of the day. At last, about an hour before dark, he saw a thin wreath of blue smoke in a thicket before him. Judge of his disappointment and dismay, when, on his nearer approach, he found he had actually followed his own track, which had brought him back to the spot where he had passed the night. To describe his feelings on this occasion would be difficult and painful. He thought of his wife and his young children, who were hourly expecting his return, and who had, no doubt, prepared some little treat to welcome the wanderer home.

Bitter were his reflections during the waking hours of that long night! Hungry, tired, and unrefreshed, the morning's light saw him struggling through the snow, but whither he knew

* Canadian term for deer-stalking.

not; for though it had ceased snowing, the sky was still overcast, and continued so till the middle of the afternoon, when the wind suddenly veered round to the north-west, attended with intense cold. He now renewed every effort; for once or twice he thought he heard the sounds of civilized life—the distant supper-horn or cattle-bell—but the fierce howling of the wind, which blew half a gale, rendered his hearing indistinct.

As long as daylight lasted he dragged on his wearied limbs, till utter exhaustion and coming darkness rendered his further progress impossible. To add to his misfortune, on attempting to kindle a fire, he found that his punk was damp, from the snow having come in contact with it when pressing his way through the swamp. He now gave himself up for lost, for the night was extremely cold, and he had neither fire to warm him, nor roof to shelter his head. To sleep thus he knew was certain death. He therefore paced up and down as long as he was able to stand, but his boots were frozen stiff, and his feet numb with the cold. After great difficulty he managed to pull off his boots, and having wrapped up his feet in his woollen cap, he lay down on the path he had beaten in the snow, for he could no longer resist the inclination to sleep.

While in the act of lying down, he distinctly heard a cock crow at no great distance. By a great effort he roused himself, and called as loudly as he was able. Once he thought he heard an answer to his cry—again the horn seemed to ring in his ears,—and then all was blank.

At daylight he was found by some of his own neighbours, one of whom was up early in the morning feeding his oxen, preparatory to a journey to the front, when he heard the shouts, which sounded to him like those of some person in distress. He immediately blew his dinner horn, that the sound might guide the lost person, and having collected three or four of his neighbours, they started into the woods in the direction from whence the shouts of the lost man had proceeded. Half a mile from the clearing, they came across his track, which they only followed for a few yards, when to their surprise they found their poor neighbour, whom at first they concluded to be dead. It was some time indeed before they could wake him, so overpowered was he with fatigue and the death-like sleep he had fallen into.

His friends lost no time in carrying him home; but unfortunately they placed him near a large fire, instead of rubbing his hands and feet with snow. The too sudden reaction of the blood

caused him the most excruciating agony, for both his hands and feet were badly frozen. At length Dr. Hutchinson * was sent for from Peterborough, who found mortification had commenced, and that there was no chance of the poor fellow's recovery, which proved too true, for he expired the next day, a week from the morning he was found.

He, however, died in the arms of his afflicted wife, and was surrounded by his family, a privilege purchased at the expense of severe pain, but still one to the husband and father—even though he had been snatched from his pangless death-sleep to possess it, poor fellow!

The mischances consequent upon being lost in the woods, which were so frequent in the early settlement of Western Canada, are of rare occurrence now. Since, roads have been cut, and the clearings have brought the Bush-settlers nearer together. In my young time I have often searched for missing persons, and indeed have sometimes been lost myself.

I remember, the first summer I passed in Canada, making one of a party, who were for eight days looking for an old woman nearly eighty

* Dr. Hutchinson, is a medical practitioner of great note, and one of the first settlers and oldest magistrates in that section of the country. I had the particulars of this story from him; though, as it was some years ago, I may have made some mistake as to the exact locality.

years of age, and her little grandson, who were lost in the Bush.

The old lady was going by a foot-path across a piece of woodland between her son-in-law's house and a neighbour's, which, by-the-by, were almost within sight of each other. The little boy, it seems, ran a short distance off the path to gather some wild-flowers, and was followed by his grandmother, who, either from her defectiveness of sight, or, more probably, from having crossed without perceiving it, was unable to regain the track. Her friends finding that she did not return, went over to their neighbour's house to see if she was there; but they only learned that neither she nor her grandson had found their way thither. Search was instantly made till night came on, but without success.

The next day, all their friends and neighbours turned out, myself among the number, to search for the unfortunate woman and the boy. We concluded, from her advanced age and the tender years of the child, that they could not be very far off; consequently we confined our search for several days within a radius of two or three miles.

On the fifth day, tracks were discovered near the edge of a small creek, which, from being the prints of a small and large foot, left no doubt as

to whom they belonged. Strange as it may appear, this was the only sure indication of the lost ones that we had yet seen. No further trail was seen till the evening of the seventh day, when fresh signs were found. Our party therefore determined to camp out all night, and follow these new indications early in the morning, which object they succeeded in effecting. The lost ones were then found, and both were discovered alive.

The old woman had suffered the most; but the two had sustained themselves by eating roots and beech-mast: the little boy was quite frightened when he saw the men coming, and hid himself; such were the consequences of solitude and privation on his mind.

The place where they were found was in the township of Beach, at least fourteen miles due east from the place where they were lost; and it is more than probable, in their wanderings, that they had more than doubled that distance—a most extraordinary circumstance, when the ages of the parties are considered.

About three years since, two young men, with whom I was well acquainted, went back into the uninhabited township of Methuen, to trap for fur, and hunt deer. They set a line

of marten-traps,* extending upwards of three miles. One or other of them used to go every alternate morning, to examine these traps — to re-set any that were sprung; and bring back to their camp any furry animal that might chance to be captured.

One morning, the less-experienced trapper of the two, this being his first season, went along the line to look at the traps, as usual. He had his gun with him, but only two or three charges of powder. After proceeding to the extreme end of the line, he thought he would go on and look for some partridges, which he heard "drumming"† some little distance a-head.

* The method pursued by the trappers and Indians is to blaze a line through the bush for several miles. Along this line is set, at intervals of one or two hundred yards, a kind of trap, called a dead fall, which is constructed thus:—Two rows of short sticks are driven into the ground about one foot apart, open only at one end, the top being covered with brush-wood at the entrance. A piece of wood two or three feet long is bedded into the ground, or snow, as the case may be. The falling pole is supported immediately over this by three pieces of stick notched together in the form of a figure of four. The centre-piece is made long and sharp at the point, to which the bait is attached, and projects well into the miniature house. The marten or fisher, allured by the bait, reaches in to snatch it, which springs the trap, and causes the pole to fall across the neck of the animal, which is instantly killed by the blow.

† This sound is made by the Canadian partridge (a species of grouse) during its season of courtship. The cock-bird perches himself on the top of a large hollow log, or fallen tree, and with

In the pursuit of his game, he was induced to go further than he had at first intended. He never doubted that he should easily find his way back to the line. In this, however, he was woefully deceived, for the day was cloudy, and the face of the country was very rough, It formed, indeed, a part of the great granite range, which is said to cross the St. Lawrence, at the Lake of the Thousand Islands, traversing the rear of the Midland District and the counties of Hastings and Peterborough, through the unsurveyed lands north of Lake Simcoe, to the shores of Lake Huron. This granite formation is supposed to have an average breadth of ten or twelve miles, being intersected with small lakes, deep ravines and precipitous rocks. The woods of this region being composed principally of pine, hemlock, and cedar, are of a peculiarly gloomy character. In such a difficult country as this, it was no wonder that our inexperienced trapper went astray.

After an hour's fruitless search for the line, he came to the conclusion that he was lost, and that his only chance was to fire off his gun, in the hope that his companion would hear and

his wings produces a vibratory sound, like the distant roll of a drum, which, in still weather, can easily be heard at the distance of a mile in the woods.

return it. As no answering sound greeted his ear, he durst not fire his only remaining charge of powder, for it was all he had to defend himself from wolves, or to obtain some animal or bird whereupon to sustain his life.

For four days and three nights did this poor fellow wander through these rugged wilds. On the afternoon of the fourth day he came upon a ridge of land, which appeared better timbered and more open; so he determined to follow this route, expecting it might lead him to the lake-shore, where his camp was situated.

He had not walked a hundred yards in this new direction, when to his surprise he saw quite a fresh blaze on a tree, and within a few yards of the spot on which he stood, a newly-constructed marten-trap. Words cannot express the joy he felt at this discovery; it was his own line he had so fortunately come upon. Had he only gone the smallest distance to his left, he would have missed it altogether; but he came, providentially, upon the very spot where he had set his last trap, and within a few feet of the place he had left four days before.

On his way to the camp, a sudden fear came over him! Had his companion left it, supposing him to be irrecoverably lost? If so, what was to

become of him on the north shore of Stony Lake, without a canoe to cross over to the settlement, food, or ammunition to procure any for his support. His fears were, however, groundless, as the report of a gun, and soon after the appearance of his companion convinced him; but the danger had been great; for, from the statement of his fellow-trapper, he found that the latter was then on his way to the end of the line, hoping that he might see or hear something of him before he broke up their camp, which he intended to have done in the morning, if he had not unexpectedly fallen in with his friend. Thus had Providence again interposed in his behalf, and a few days of rest restored him to his wonted health, spirits, and activity.

CHAPTER XIII.

DIRECTIONS FOR ASCERTAINING THE QUALITY OF LAND IN THE BUSH.—SITE OF LOG-SHANTY.—CHOPPING.—PREPARATION FOR SPRING-CROPS.—METHOD OF PLANTING INDIAN CORN.—PUMPKINS AND POTATOES.—MAKING POT-ASH.

I SHALL now endeavour to give the emigrant some information to guide him in the selection of his land, and other matters connected with a settlement in the bush. In the first place, the quality of the land is the greatest consideration, and to make a good choice requires a practical knowledge as to the nature of the soils, and the different kinds of timber growing thereon.

The best land is timbered with oak, ash, elm, beech, bass-wood, and sugar-maple. A fair mixture of this species of trees is best, with here and there a large pine, and a few Canadian balsams scattered among the hard-wood. Too great a proportion of beech indicates sand or light loam: a preponderance of rock-elm is a sign of gravel or limestone-rock near the surface.

The timber should be lofty, clean in the bark and straight in the grain, and of quick growth. The woods should be open, free from evergreens, and with little under-brush. Generally speaking, the soil is of excellent quality, when timbered in the manner described.

It however, often happens, that the best land is full of boulders, which are both troublesome and expensive to remove. Two-thirds of these stones are not visible above the surface, and the remainder are so covered with moss and leaves, that they require a practised eye to detect them. I have no objection to a small quantity of stones, as they are useful to construct French drains, or to roll into the bottoms of the rail-fences.

When limestone-flag is near the surface, the stems of the trees will be shorter, their heads more bushy, and the roots spreading along the top of the ground. Such land is apt to burn in hot weather, and soon becomes exhausted. White pine, or hemlock ridges, are almost always sandy, and good for little—except the timber, which is valuable, if near enough to water. White-pine, mixed with hard-wood, generally indicates strong clay land, good for wheat; but the difficulty of clearing off such heavy timber, and the long time it takes to get rid of the stumps, render such a

selection unprofitable, and add additional toil to the emigrant.

The best land for wheat should be gently undulating soil, rich loam, on a clay bottom. In the summer months you can judge the quality of the land by the freshly turned-up roots of trees, which have fallen by the wind.

In winter, when the surface of the ground is covered with snow, and frozen hard, the growth and quality of the timber, as before described, are your only mode of judging correctly.

A constant supply of water is absolutely necessary, in a country liable to such extreme heat in summer. Canada West, abounding, as it does, in small spring-creeks, rivers, and lakes, is, perhaps, as well watered as any country in the world; and, in almost every section of the country, even on the highest ridges, good water can be obtained by digging wells, which seldom require to be sunk more than twenty feet; and in many townships, not half that depth is required.

After the emigrant has selected a proper location, his next object is to choose the best situation to build his shanty, and chop his first fallow. Most settlers like to commence as near as possible to the concession-line or public road;

but sometimes the vicinity of a stream of water or good spring is preferred. In fact, circumstances must, in some measure, guide them in their choice.

The best time of the year to commence operations is early in September. The weather is then moderately warm and pleasant, and there are no flies in the Bush to annoy you.

A log shanty, twenty-four feet long by sixteen, is large enough to begin with, and should be roofed either with shingles or troughs. A small cellar should be dug near the fire-place, commodious enough to hold twenty or thirty bushels of potatoes, a barrel or two of pork, &c.

As soon as your shanty is completed, measure off as many acres as you intend to chop during the winter, and mark the boundaries by blazing the trees on each side.

The next operation is to cut down all the small trees and brush—this is called under-brushing. The rule is to cut everything close to the ground from the diameter of six inches downwards.

There are two modes of piling, either in heaps or in wind-rows. If your fallow is full of evergreens, such as hemlock, pine, balsam, cedar, and such description of timber, then I should say

windrows are the best; but when the timber is deciduous, heaps are better.

The brush should be carefully piled and laid all one way, by which means it packs closer and burns better. The regular price for underbrushing hard-wood land, and cutting up all the old fallen timber—which is always considered a part of the underbrushing—is one dollar per acre, and board. Rough land and swamp vary from seven shillings and sixpence to ten shillings. Your under-brush should be all cut and piled by the end of November, before the snow falls to the depth of four inches, for after that it would be both difficult and tedious.

The chopping now begins, and may be followed without any interruption until the season for sugar-making commences. The heads of the trees should be thrown upon the heaps or windrows. A skilful chopper will scarcely ever miss a heap when felling the timber, besides it saves a great deal of labour in piling the limbs.

The trunks of he trees must tbe cut into lengths, from fourteen to sixteen feet, according to the size of the timber. Now and then a large maple or beech, when felled, may be left without cutting up, with the exception of the top, which is called a plan-heap, and is left to log against:

this is only done when the tree is too large to be cut through easily with the axe.

All timber fit for making rails should be left in double and treble lengths, as it is less likely to burn.

A good axe-man should be able, with fair chopping, to cut an acre in eight days after the under-brushing is done. The regular price of chopping is five dollars per acre, with board, or six without.

The emigrant should endeavour to get as much chopping done as possible during the first three years, because after that time he has so many other things to attend to, such as increase of stock, barn and house-building, thrashing, ploughing, &c., which, of course, give him every year less time for chopping, particularly if his family be small, in which case fifty or sixty acres are enough to clear at first, till his boys are old enough to give him assistance.

Clearing up too large a farm, when labour is so high, is not wise, for it will not answer to disburse much for hire, at the present prices. If, therefore, you are not able to cultivate what you have cleared properly, it will grow up again with raspberries, blackberries, small trees, and brush, and be nearly as bad to clear as it was at first.

The size of the farm must, however, depend on the resources of the emigrant, the strength and number of his family, and the quantity of acres he may possess.

In the month of May the settler should spring-burn three or four acres, and log them up for his spring-crops, such as potatoes and Indian-corn. The Indian-corn should be planted with the hoe in rows, three feet apart and thirty inches in the row. A pumpkin-seed or two should be sown in every second or third hole in each third row. The corn must be earthed or hilled up by drawing the mould close round the roots, and five or six inches up the stalks, which should be done when the plants are fifteen or sixteen inches high. No further cultivation is necessary until the time of cutting, except breaking off some shoots from the roots, if too many are thrown out.

Potatoes on the new land are also planted with the hoe, and in hills of about five thousand to the acre. A hole is scraped with the hoe, in which four or five sets, or a whole potato is dropped. The earth is then heaped over them in the form of a mole-hill, but somewhat larger. After the plants have appeared above the surface, a little more mould is drawn around them. Very

large crops of potatoes are raised in this manner. Two hundred and fifty bushels per acre are no uncommon crop. I have assisted in raising double that quantity; but of late years, since the disease has been prevalent, but poor crops have been realized.

Both white turnips and swedes do well, and grow to a large size, particularly on new land: the roots must be either pitted or put in a root-house, or cellar, as the winter is too severe for them to remain unhoused.

The remainder of the fallow should be burnt off and logged up in July, the rail-cuts split into quarters and drawn off to the site of the fences, ready for splitting into rails. After the log-heaps are burnt, you should either spread the ashes or rake them while hot into heaps, if you intend to make potash,* with which, by the by,

* This article is very extensively made in nearly all the new settlements, and may be considered one of the staples of the country. The process is very simple; but great care must be taken in collecting the ashes clear of sand or dirt of any description. If your ashes are well saved and from good timber, ten acres should produce at least five barrels of potash, each barrel containing five hundred weight. Several things should be considered before the emigrant attempts the manufacture of this article. Firstly, his land should be well timbered with oak, elm, maple, and bass-wood. Secondly, it must have a stream of water, near which he may erect his works. And, lastly, it ought to be

I should advise the new-comer to have nothing to do until he has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the process.

As soon as the settler has cleared up fifteen or twenty acres, his first care should be to erect a frame or log-barn; I should strongly recommend the former, if boards can be obtained in the neighbourhood, as it is undoubtedly the best and cheapest in the long run. If I were commencing life again in the woods, I would not build anything of logs except a shanty or a pig-sty; for experience has plainly told me that log buildings are the dirtiest, most inconvenient, and the dearest when everything is taken into consideration.

As soon as the settler is ready to build, let him put up a good frame, roughcast, or stone-

within reach of a market and a remunerating price, which, to pay the manufacturer, should not be less than twenty-five shillings, Halifax currency, per cwt.

The best situation to erect an ashery upon, is the side of a bank, beside a running stream; and if there should be fall enough in the creek to bring a supply of water over head into the leaches, a great deal of labour will be saved. An ash-house, six or eight leach-tubs, a pot-ash kettle, and three or four coolers are all the requisites necessary. Most persons use a small portion of common salt and lime in the manufacture of pot-ash. After the lye is run off it is boiled down into black salts, which are melted into pot-ash, cooled off, and packed into air-tight barrels ready for market.

house, if he can possibly raise the means, as stone, timber, and lime, cost nothing but the labour of collecting and carrying the materials. When I say that they "cost nothing," I mean that no cash is required for these articles, as they can be prepared by the exertion of the family.

With the addition of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds in money to the raw material, a good substantial and comfortable dwelling can be completed. Two or three years should be spent in preparing and collecting materials, so that your timber may be perfectly seasoned before you commence building.

Apple and plum orchards should be planted as soon as possible, and well fenced from the cattle and sheep. The best kind of grafted fruit-trees, from three to seven years old, can be obtained for a shilling a tree; ungrafted, at four shillings the dozen.

The apple-tree flourishes extremely well in this country, and grows to a large size. I gathered last year, out of my orchard, several Ribstone pippins, each of which weighed more than twelve ounces, and were of a very fine flavour. The native plums are not very good in their raw state, but they make an excellent preserve, and good wine.

Some of the particulars mentioned in this chapter have been glanced at in an earlier portion of the work; but I make no apology for the repetition. My object is, to offer instruction to the inexperienced settler, and to impress these important matters more firmly upon his mind and memory, that he may have his experience at a cheaper rate than if he purchased it at the expense of wasted time, labour, and capital.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY FIRST SHOT AT A BUCK.—HUNTING AND SHOOTING PARTIES.—DESTRUCTIVENESS OF WOLVES. — LOSS OF MY FLOCKS. — COWARDICE OF THE WOLF. — THE LADY AND HER PET. — COLONEL CRAWFORD'S ADVENTURE. — INGENIOUS TRICK OF AN AMERICAN TRAPPER. — A DISAGREEABLE ADVENTURE. — HOW TO POISON WOLVES.—A STERN CHASE.

My father-in-law had a large field of fall wheat, upon which, during the night, the deer were very fond of grazing. Just before dark, the herd used to make their appearance, and we tried repeatedly to get a shot at them, but in vain. At the least noise, or if they winded us, up went their tails, and they were off in an instant. I was determined, however, not to be so continually balked. I had observed, by the tracks, the direction they took in their way to the field; so, an hour before their usual time of coming, I sallied out, and concealed myself in the top of an old fallen tree which lay a few feet from the ground, and about twenty yards from a path which I suspected had been beaten by the deer, going backwards and forwards to the field.

The place I had selected to watch for them was an old settlement duty-road, which had been cut out some years before, but was now partially grown up again with a second growth of timber and underbrush. Having seated myself very snugly, I took out of my pocket a volume of Shakspeare to pass away the time. I had not been half-an-hour so employed, before my attention was suddenly aroused by hearing a stick break near me, when upon looking up I beheld the head and horns of a large buck projecting from behind a thicket of trees. He appeared to be in a listening attitude, so I durst not stir till he should have lowered his head, as I knew the least movement then would make him start off in an instant. Luckily, however, the wind was blowing from his direction to mine. Presently, he walked into the open space; and whilst I was cautiously raising my gun, he disappeared beneath the brow of a small hill; but almost immediately, from the inequality of the ground, his head and shoulders again became visible. On this, I instantly fired.

Astonished and mortified was I, when I saw him scamper off with his tail up, as if nothing had happened. Still, I was sure I must have hit him, as he was not forty yards from where I sat,

his broadside being towards me. So I followed the track for about two hundred yards, but without seeing any blood; and was in the act of turning back, concluding, that as he had hoisted his tail, I had missed him altogether. Indeed, I had often heard, that if they show the white feather, as putting up their tail is called by Canadian sportsmen—they are not hit. This, however, is a mistake; for, in the act of turning round to retrace my steps, I saw a small drop of blood upon a dry leaf. I now felt quite certain that I had struck him. On proceeding a few yards further, I saw several large splashes of blood. There was now no room left for doubt; and, in another minute I was standing beside the first buck I had ever killed. On opening him, I found I had put a ball and five buck-shot into him, which had entered just behind the fore-shoulder; and though two of these shots had lodged in the lungs, he had, notwithstanding this, continued to run on the full jump, more than two hundred yards.

Not long after this adventure, my brother-in-law shot a deer through the heart, which ran full a hundred yards before he dropped.

Two or three years after, in the township of Douro, where I now reside, I was walking down

... at half a mile from my house,
... rifle in my hand, when, on
... the river. I saw a large buck
... in the middle of the stream near
... I ran down to the spot as fast as
... I expected he would land on the
... shore, at the corner of the dam. The
... proved to be correct. He was in the act
... up the bank when I fired, and he fell
... the river. Recovering himself, however,
... bled out and made off. I crossed the
... and went round to the spot where he
..., and followed on the track.

... in chase I was joined by an old hunter,
... had been out since day-light, still-hunting
... stalking); so he agreed to go with me and
... the track, which we followed for about
... a mile without seeing any blood. But at last
... came to a place where the buck had stood and
... ved up the ground. My companion, remarking
... on the circumstance, said—

"He was quite satisfied the fellow was hit;
... you will find," added he, "if we get him,
... he is hit on the top of the back, and that is
... reason there is no blood to be seen."

The track led us round nearly in a circle; for we came back to the river within a few yards

of where I had fired at the buck. My companion now suggested that we should recross the river and follow up the stream on the opposite bank. "For," said he, "we shall probably find him on one of the islands opposite your house."

Acting on his suggestion, we retraced our steps, and found, as he had predicted, that the buck, after taking the water, had swum up the river and taken refuge on the west side of the lower-island. We saw him standing near the edge of the water, partially hidden by the trunk of a fallen pine, when we both fired our rifles at the same instant. This did not, however, drop him, for he bounded across the island, and took the opposite channel in gallant style.

As the distance from which we fired was less than a hundred yards, we concluded that one of us at least had hit him. Reinforced by my old hound Towler, who, attracted by the firing, had joined us, we recrossed the river, and put the dog on the track. Towler was in high spirits, and soon made the wood ring with music pleasant to the hunter's ear.

We momentarily expected to see our quarry again take the water; but from the continued howling of the hound in the same spot, I began to think the buck was standing at bay, which was really

the case; for on my near approach he was busily employed with his head down, keeping off old Towler by making sudden plunges at him every now and then. The moment he saw me, he made a rush for the river, but as he passed me on the full bound, I fired at his fore-shoulder; and though he still continued his course to the river, I knew by the jet of blood which followed my shot that his fate was sealed. Near the river he made a sudden turn, striking his head against a hemlock tree, and at the same instant a shot from my companion stretched him lifeless on the ground. And thus concluded an exciting chase of more than two hours.

This was the largest buck I ever killed, for he weighed, after he was skinned and dressed, two hundred and thirty pounds. We found that four out of the five shots had hit him. The last shot I fired, cut away the small end of his heart, though he actually managed to run thirty or forty paces afterwards.

Deer-hunting is a very exciting sport; but I prefer still-hunting (or deer-stalking, as it is called in the Highlands of Scotland) to driving them into the lakes and rivers [illegible]

The deer are not now [illegible]
they formerly were [illegible]

them back into the unsurveyed lands or less populated townships. To give my readers some idea how plentiful these wild denizens of the forest were, some years since, I need only mention that a Trapper with whom I was acquainted, and four of his companions, passed my house on a small raft, on which lay the carcasses of thirty-two deer—the trophies of a fortnight's chase near Stony Lake. The greater number of these were fine bucks.

I once had seventeen deer hanging up in my barn at one time—the produce of three days' sport, out of which I had the good fortune to kill seven. Parties are now made yearly every October to Stony Lake, Deer Bay, or the River Trent. I do not know anything more pleasaut than these excursions, especially if you have agreeable companions, a warm camp, and plenty to eat and drink. Indeed, poor hunters must they be who cannot furnish their camp-larder with wild-ducks and venison. This is one of the great charms of a Canadian life, particularly to young sportsmen from the mother-country, who [redacted] here neither license nor qualification [redacted]ble them to follow their game; but [redacted]bout in chase of deer, or other game,

The greatest enemy the deer has to contend with is the wolf. In the spring of the year, when the snow is in the woods, and a crust is formed on the surface, the deer are unable to travel any distance, the snow not being sufficiently hard to bear their weight. Consequently, great numbers of them are destroyed by their more nimble adversaries, who from their lighter make and rounder-shaped feet, are able to run on the top of the crust, which gives the deer but little chance of escape.

The wolves commonly hunt in packs, and generally at night. The deer, when pursued, always make straight for the water, which, if they succeed in reaching it, saves them for that time.

When the wolves reach the shore and find their prey gone, they utter the most diabolical yells. One night I was awakened by a pack of these rascals, who were in chase of a deer. They ran through my wood-yard within sixty feet of the house in full chorus. I think I never heard in the stillness of the night a more wild and unearthly din.

For some years, till the country became more settled, I was obliged to shut up my sheep at night for fear of these prowling wretches. The first flock I ever had were all killed by these

thieves. One night I was awakened by my dog barking furiously, and from the manner in which he kept rushing against the door I was sure some wild animals were about the premises. At first I thought it was useless to get up; for the night was dark, and I knew the sheep were housed. However, the increased fury of my dog Grouse, who seemed intent on getting into the house, as if he were frightened, obliged me to dress and turn out. On my opening the door, Grouse rushed in looking dreadfully scared, so with a lantarn in one hand and a gun in the other, I marched towards the sheep-pen, the door of which not having been securely fastened by my lad, I found open, and six sheep out, and for these I now commenced a cautious search.

About twenty yards from the pen, I found one of my best sheep lying on the grass with his throat cut very scientifically just behind the ear. A few paces further on, I found another, and so on, till five were forthcoming. The sixth I did not get till the morning, which was the only one that escaped the teeth of the marauders. It seems that my appearance with the light drove the wolves from their prey.

Luckily for me, the weather was cold, my sheep fat, and well-butchered, as far as bleeding

was concerned, so that I was no great loser, except by having a rather larger supply of mutton at one time than was quite convenient for the housekeeping department.

About eleven or twelve years since, I lost in one season a flock of sheep by the wolves. This misfortune occurred, unluckily for me, in the hottest month of the Canadian year, July. I had not housed my sheep, because I found that, in very sultry weather, during the fly-season, they would not feed in the day-time, but would creep under the fences and into the Bush for shade. I, therefore, thought it best to risk losing some, than to spoil the whole flock; for I knew the only time they would graze was during the night, or very early in the morning. Consequently, for three or four years previously, I had allowed them to run at large during the summer months.

One morning, I observed from the veranda in front of my house, a sheep, which was standing on the opposite bank of the river. As I knew there was no farm within two or three miles of the river in that direction, I thought I would go over in a canoe, and see what brought it there. I had not gone half way to the river when I discovered the mangled carcass of one of my own

sheep, and on further search found ten more, lying, half-devoured, in different directions—the murder was now out. The sheep I had seen on the opposite shore was one of my own, which had taken to the water, and had thus escaped the fangs of the wolves. I saw two more of my luckless flock on a shoal more than a mile down the river, which—less fortunate than their companion—had been swept down by the current and drowned. Exactly a week afterwards, I had a similar number destroyed by the wolves. As far as I was personally concerned, I may say that they were a total loss; for the weather was too hot to keep the meat any length of time, so I gave the greater part of the mutton to my neighbours. Since that time, I have had better luck, not having lost any part of my flock, although I have invariably left my sheep abroad during the night.

Notwithstanding his ravenous propensities and cruel disposition, the wolf is a very cowardly animal in his solitary state. Indeed, it is only when he hunts in a pack, that he becomes formidable to man. Nature has, in some measure, checked his evil disposition, by rendering him timid. If he falls into a snare, he never attempts to get out of the scrape; but crouches

in a corner, awaiting his fate, without the least intention of displaying any pluck to the trapper.

That the cowardice of the wolf is very great, the following anecdote will sufficiently prove.

My wife's youngest sister had a pet-sheep that she had brought up from a lamb, and to which she was much attached. One afternoon she was going down to the spring for a pitcher of water, when she saw a large dog—as she thought—worrying her sheep, upon which, being naturally courageous, she picked up a large stick and struck the beast two or three strokes with all her strength, thus compelling him to drop her favorite. This, however, he did very reluctantly, turning his head at the same time, and showing his teeth with a most diabolical snarl. She saw at once, when he faced her, by his pricked ears, high cheek-bones, long bushy-tail, and gaunt figure, that her antagonist was a wolf. Nothing daunted, she again bravely attacked him; for he seemed determined, in spite of her valiant opposition, to have her pet, which he again attacked. She boldly beat him off the second time; following him down the creek, thrashing him and calling for aid with all her might; when, fortunately, one of her brothers,

attracted by her cries, ran down with the dogs and his gun, but was not in time for a shot; for when the felon wolf saw the reinforcement, he scampered off with all his speed.

There are few dogs bred in the Canadas fit to cope with the wolf; indeed, they seem in general to have a great dread of him.

Colonel Crawford, a gentleman with whom I am well-acquainted, for he was many years one of my nearest and best neighbours, was one day partridge-shooting, near Buckhorn Mills, in the township of Harvey, when his sporting-dog, which had been ranging the bush a little in advance, came running towards him, yelping in a most piteous manner, followed by a large wolf. So intent was the beast on his prey, that he did not perceive the gallant colonel, who met his advance with both barrels, which stopped his earthly career, and rescued poor Carlo from his impending fate. The colonel was very proud of this exploit, both because he had killed so large an animal with partridge-shot and had saved his dog at the same time.

According to an act of the Provincial Parliament, six dollars must be paid by the county treasurer for every wolf-certificate, signed by a magistrate. No certificate now will be granted,

unless the scalp of the animal is produced, which is then taken possession of by the magistrate. This precaution is absolutely necessary; for, previously to this arrangement, it was found that double the number of wolves were killed, or, rather twice the number of scalps were brought in—one wolf often furnishing two pates—a curious feature in Natural History.

Many petty frauds of this kind have been brought to light; amongst other cases, that of a magistrate, not a hundred miles from the county town, who forged seventeen wolf certificates, and succeeded in getting the money for them; and, most likely, emboldened by his success, would have continued to drive a flourishing trade, had not his career been suddenly stopped in the following manner.

One of the persons, whose name had been made use of in one or more of the certificates, was congratulated on his recent success. He, however, denied that he had either shot or trapped a wolf during the last year, and declared, "that there must certainly be some mistake." An inquiry was accordingly made, whereupon the whole nefarious transaction was brought to light.

Our magistrate was not long in availing himself of the proximity of the United States; for the

next day saw him an inhabitant of the good city of Rochester, in the State of New York, where I make no doubt, over gin-cocktail, or mint-julep, he entertains the free and enlightened citizens with an account of his adroit manner of "sloping" the British Government. Luckily for Rochester, there are no wolves in that neighbourhood.

A celebrated wolf-trapper, in the township of Smith, once caught a fine she-wolf, big with young. Her fore-paw broken below the knee, was the only injury she had sustained. So he thought, if he could but keep her alive till after her accouchement, he should be able to demand the bounty for every scalp; for he considered that as there was no mention made in the act respecting the size the wolves must be, he might as well have the benefit of that oversight. He put his scheme, accordingly, into effect, and it proved quite successful. Her wolfship in a few days was safely delivered of five fine whelps, whose scalps, with that of their mother, were duly presented to the magistrate. At first he demurred respecting the certificate, but upon referring to the statute, he found there was no provision to meet a case of this kind. He, however, satisfied his moral justice by the reflection, "that if the dam had remained

at large a few days longer, and whelped in the Bush, it would have amounted to the same thing, and that, perhaps, many sheep had been saved from the greedy fangs of the growing family, by the ingenious plan of the trapper." It was a clever trick, no doubt—a real Yankee shave; but one for which the sternest moralist can scarcely get up an effective lecture.

The Canadian wolf is not nearly so ferocious as the European animal, nor I believe quite so large. I have heard of very few well-authenticated accounts of persons having been destroyed by these creatures, though I must say I should not like again to be in their vicinity in a dark night, as more than once I have been. I was returning from Whitby after dark, and had just entered the woods, through which my path lay for a full mile and a half. The night being dark, and the road not particularly good, I gave Prince the rein, and allowed him to choose his own pace. Presently, I thought I heard a pattering on the leaves, like the tread of animals, at which sound my horse pricked up his ears, snorted, and shied nearly across the road, so suddenly that I was nearly thrown out of the saddle. Well for me was it, however, that I kept my seat; for instantly such an in-

fernal howling was raised all round me as made my heart leap up to my mouth, and I must candidly own I felt horribly afraid I should fall into the clutches of devouring wolves. My good steed Prince, I fancy, was as scared as myself, for he galloped off, followed by the pack, who fairly made the woods ring with their unearthly yells. They did not chase us far, and ceased howling, having seemingly lost the scent; but in a few minutes a fresh burst in the direction of the lake-shore plainly told me they had regained it, and were on the track of a deer, which most probably had crossed the road at the time when I first heard their chorus. It is not very easy to describe one's feelings on such occasions.

There is something particularly appalling in the full cry of a pack of wolves, especially when alone in the woods, and at night. I have frequently heard them at such times, when camped out on hunting expeditions. However, we mustered strong and were well armed, so we cared little for them or their yells.

The only instance of any one being killed by wolves, to which I can speak with certainty, occurred a few years back in the township of Douro. A young lad of the name of M'Ewen was sent by

his father to a shoemaker, one George Disney, for his shoes. The distance was not more than a mile by a path through the woods, and the boy was well acquainted with the road. It appears, he went to Disney's, and waited for his shoes till nearly dark, when he started for home. But nothing more was ever heard or seen of him till the thaw in the spring, although diligent search was made at the time. Owing to a snow-storm which fell the same night, he was lost. It was impossible to follow the boy's tracks, and as a pack of wolves had been heard the same night in the immediate neighbourhood, no doubt was entertained that he had been attacked and eaten by these ravenous monsters. Some bones and pieces of clothing, supposed to have belonged to the unfortunate youth, were the only memorials found of him.

I have heard the old settlers say, that very few instances have occurred like this in their recollection, though from the many persons lost in the woods and never again discovered, it is more than probable that some of them, when weakened by fatigue and hunger, and no longer able to defend themselves, may have fallen victims to their insatiable maws.

Several plans have been devised by the inhabit-

ants for the destruction of these animals. That most commonly resorted to, and which is considered the least troublesome and the most efficacious, is poison. The best and surest for that purpose is strychnine, one grain of which, if genuine, will kill the largest wolf in Canada. I have used this poison myself, when baiting for foxes. The properest method in the winter-season, is to take a piece of hog's-lard, about the size of a walnut, make a hole in the centre, and insert it carefully with a quill or the point of a small knife, taking care not to spill any on the outside, then to fill up the puncture with some fresh lard.

If you have heard, or have reason to know, that wolves are in the vicinity, your best way is to bait with pieces of carrion of any description. This must be done at some distance from the clearing, or you will be sure to lose your own dogs, or kill those of your neighbours, when you come to lay your poison, which you need not do till you see some of your bait taken, and observe their fresh tracks.

I know a gentleman who had lost an ox, which he had drawn away some distance into the Bush. In a few days, finding the wolves had paid their respects to the carcass, he laid out several poison-

balls, and actually killed six of them before the carcass was eaten. The value of the wolves, including their skins and the bounty-money, amounted to forty-four dollars, a nice little sum for a few hours' trouble, not to speak of the satisfaction of having contributed to extirpate this devouring crew. I must, however, caution the uninitiated to be very careful in the use of this deadly poison: indeed it should only be used by the most experienced trappers, and then at some distance from the settlement.

The price of the wolf-skin varies from 5*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* Halifax currency, according to size and quality: they are always in good demand for sleigh-robes.* Those made of this species of fur are considered the most elegant and *distingué.*

A perilous adventure once befel my brother-in-law, James. He was a bold brave boy, of ten years old at the time, and was on his return

* Sleigh-robes are commonly made of bear or buffalo skins dressed with the hair on. The most fashionable are racoon or wolf. Several of these skins are sewn together, with the tails of the animals stitched to the bottom of the robe. The inside lining is generally scarlet or purple cloth. A well equipped sleigh should have two robes for each seat, one of which should cover the cushions, and fall gracefully over the back of the seat, whilst the other is drawn over the passengers, and wraps them securely from the cold.

home with a pair of oxen, with which he had been assisting a neighbour residing about six miles from his father's house. His road lay by the river shore, which was dreary enough at the fall of the year and in the evening hour: but the child was fearless, and saw the deepening shades sink into night without experiencing anything like apprehension.

He was trudging on steadily, singing cheerfully as he walked, when a sound came on the night-air that sent a shiver through the young pedestrian's frame—the war-cry of the wolves. At first he hoped he was not the object of pursuit; but the hideous uproar came nearer and nearer, and then he knew that he must instantly adopt some plan for his escape.

His route lay by the river shore, and he could swim well; but the night was dark, and he might be hurried into the rapids; and to be dashed to pieces on the rocks was scarcely less dreadful than to be mangled and devoured by wolves. In this extremity, the child lifted up his brave young heart to God, and resolved to use the only chance left him of escape. So he mounted Buck, the near-ox, making use of his goad, shouting at the same time to the animal, to excite him to his utmost speed.

In most cases, the horned steed would have flung off his rider, and left him for wolves'-meat, without hesitation; but Buck set off with the speed of a race-horse, as if fully aware of his young rider's peril. Nor was his companion less tardy. Fast, however, as the trio fled, still faster came upon them the yelling pack behind; and James could ever hear—

> "Their long hard gallop which could tire
> The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire."

Fortunately for him, old Buck heard it too, and galloped on and on; but still the wolves came nearer and nearer. James shouted to keep them off; the oxen almost flying; their chains rattling as they went. This clanking sound, to which the hateful pack were unaccustomed, made them pause whenever they came close upon the oxen, whilst the latter redoubled their speed, till at length these gallant racers left the wolves behind, and finding themselves within a short distance of home, never stopped till they brought the brave little fellow safely to his own door.

He had felt afraid but once; and that was when those dismal yells first broke upon his ear—and *never* lost his presence of mind. He

trusted in God, and used the means within his reach for his preservation, and arrived safe at last.

Few boys would have displayed so much sense and spirit—but the boy is almost always the father of the man; and what James was then, he is now.

CHAPTER XV.

FORMATION OF THE CANADA COMPANY. — INTERVIEW WITH MR. GALT.—HIS PERSONAL DESCRIPTION AND CHARACTER.—GUELPH. —DR. DUNLOP.—MY MEDICAL SERVICES AT GUELPH.—DR. DUNLOP AND THE "PAISLEY BODIES."—AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.—AN UNFORTUNATE WIFE.

I REMEMBER on my first visit to the mouth of the river Maitland, now the site of Goderich, a bridle-path for seventy miles through the trackless forest was the only available communication between the settlements and Lake Huron. This was only twenty-four years ago. This vast and fertile tract of more than one million acres, at that time did not contain a population of three hundred souls; no teeming fields of golden grain, no manufactories, no mills, no roads; the rivers were unbridged, and one vast solitude reigned around, unbroken, save by the whoop of the red-man, or the distant shot of the trapper.

Reverse the picture, and behold what the energies and good management of the Canada

Company have effected. Stage-coaches travel with safety and dispatch along the same tract where formerly I had the utmost difficulty to make my way on horseback without the chance of being swept from the saddle by the limbs of trees and tangled brushwood. A continuous settlement of the finest farms now skirts both sides of this road, from the southern boundary-line of this district to Goderich.

Another road equally good, traverses the block from the western boundary. Thriving villages, saw and grist-mills, manufactories, together with an abundance of horses, cattle, sheep, grain, and every necessary of life enjoyed by a population of 26,000 souls, fully prove the success caused by the persevering industry of the emigrants who were so fortunate as to select this fruitful and healthy locality for their future homes.

Much of this prosperity is due to the liberality and excellent arrangements of the Canada Company, who have afforded every facility to their settlers in regard to the payments for their land: I particularly refer to their system of leasing, which affords the best chance possible to the poor emigrant.

"This spirited and enterprising" Company's principal tract of land lies nearly in a triangular

form, commencing in latitude 43°, and extending about sixty miles along the coast. In 1824, this incorporated company contracted with Government for this line of country and some others, as well as for a portion of the clergy reserves, comprehending in all about two million acres, payable in fifteen years.*

In the spring of 1827, a memorable year for Canada, the Company commenced their operations at Guelph, under the superintendence of John Galt, Esq.

I had heard a great deal about the fertility of their lands, especially of those in the Huron tract, containing a million of acres in one block, of which I shall hereafter speak more particularly.† As I was enterprising, and fond of an active life, I resolved to go and judge for myself; and as I heard the superintendent was then at Toronto, I

* M'Gregor's "British America."

† The territory from which the Huron tract has been selected, was explored previously to the selection being made, and the reports which were received from the parties employed on that mission were of the most satisfactory nature. This tract is bounded on the west by Lake Huron, along which it runs for nearly sixty miles, having within its limits one considerable river, at the mouth of which is a good harbour; another river, which may probably be rendered navigable, and numerous creeks and streamlets, many of which are large enough, and have fall sufficient to drive mills or machinery of any description.—Mac Taggart's "Three Years in Canada."

determined to call upon him there and collect all the information in my power.

My first interview with Mr. Galt, the celebrated author of "Laurie Todd," took place at the Old Steam-boat Hotel, in February, 1828. He received me with great kindness, and asked me many particulars of Bush-life, connected with a first settlement.

I suppose my answers were satisfactory, for he turned towards me abruptly, and asked me, "If I would like to enter the Canada Company's Service; for," said he, "I want a practical person to take charge of the out-door department in the absence of Mr. Prior, whom I am about to send to the Huron tract with a party of men to clear up and lay off the New-town plot of Goderich. You will have charge of the Company's stores, keep the labour-rolls, and superintend the road-making and bridge-building, and indeed everything connected with the practical part of the settlement."

This was just the sort of life I wished; so I closed at once with his offer. No salary was to be named, till I had been three months in the Company's employ. Indeed, I left everything to Mr. Galt, who, I felt certain, would remunerate me according to my deserts.

In person, Mr. Galt was, I should think, considerably above six feet in height, and rather of a heavy build; his aspect grave and dignified, and his appearance prepossessing. His disposition was kind and considerate; but at the same time he commanded respect; and I can say with sincerity, I always found him an upright and honourable gentleman.

Of Mr. Galt's fitness for the office of superintendent of the Canada Company, it would, perhaps, be considered presumptuous in me to give an opinion. His position was an unfortunate one, and from his first residence in the country till his resignation, there appears to have been a serious misunderstanding between him, the Governor, and the Executive-council, in consequence of which, Galt's character was misrepresented at home as that of a meddling politician and troublesome person. Other charges regarding the wasteful expenditure of money in forming the new settlements were laid before the Directors, and these repeated complaints against him left him no other alternative than to resign his situation.

My own opinion is, that Galt was ill-used by the Canadian Government. He says in his "Autobiography," that his whole and sole offence

consisted in having accepted a file of the "Colonial Advocate," and shaken hands with the editor, the notorious William Lyon Mackenzie. In those days of ultra-toryism, such an instance of liberality and freedom from party-prejudice was sufficient to excite the displeasure of the Governor and his council. There is no doubt that Galt acted imprudently in this matter, though I fully believe without any intention of opposing the Government.

In regard to the Company's affairs, more might be said to his prejudice—not in respect of his integrity, for, I believe him to have been a most honourable man, and incapable of any meanness—but in regard to his management. Although, as the original projector of the Canada Company, he evinced much cleverness, and afterwards displayed considerable judgment in the choice of the best situations for building towns and villages, yet he committed some grievous mistakes. His ideas were generally good; but often not well carried out in detail.

His first error was in the selection of persons to fill the various offices belonging to the Company. For, instead of appointing men who had long experience in the country, and who were, therefore, practically qualified to superintend the

workmen by their experience of all the requirements of a new settlement, he filled these situations, for the most part, with inexperienced young men, recently arrived from the old country, who, of course, could know nothing of road-making and bridge-building, and were, therefore, incapable of directing a number of workmen. Then, again, most of the hands employed on the Company's works were new settlers, and, of course, knew nothing of chopping, house-building, or clearing land; and yet these men were paid just as much as if they had served a long apprenticeship in the country. If Mr. Galt's appointments had been judicious, there is no doubt, in my mind, that half the outlay would have produced greater results.

It was arranged that I should meet Mr. Galt at Toronto, in April, at the commencement of the spring operations. At the appointed time, I again waited upon him, when he ordered me to Guelph, to take charge of the department, as formerly agreed upon between us. He then introduced me to Dr. Dunlop and Mr. Prior, who kindly invited me to take a seat in their waggon, which would leave for Guelph in a few hours. The former gentleman is well known in the literary world, as the author of the "Backwoodsman."

During our journey, I found that he deserved his celebrity for good companionship, which was fully borne out on this occasion. He could, indeed, speak well on any subject. He was full of sound information, and overflowed with anecdote —in fact, his way of telling a story was inimitable. He had a fund of wit, which seemed almost inexhaustible.

My fellow-travellers left me at Mr. Galt's house, near Burlington Heights, where, after taking some refreshment, I again proceeded on my journey, and ultimately reached Guelph on the afternoon of the second day.

The situation of the town I found exceedingly pleasant, and well watered. It was built in an angle, formed by the confluence of the rivers Speed and Eramosa. The town-plot also abounds with copious never-failing springs, of the purest water.

I found some twenty or thirty log-houses, about as many shanties, a large frame-tavern building, a store, two blacksmiths' shops, and the walls of two stone-buildings, one of which was intended, when finished, for the company's office. Besides these edifices, Dr. Dunlop and Mr. Prior had each a good house, and there was the Priory, a large log-building, afterwards occupied by the

superintendent. This was pretty well, considering that a year only had elapsed since the first tree was felled.

Mr. Galt, in his "Autobiography," has given an account of the founding of the town of Guelph,* and how Mr. Prior, Dr. Dunlop, and himself, cut down the first tree—a large sugar-maple, whereupon the Dr. produced a flask of whiskey, and they named and drank success to the new town. This was on St. George's day, April 23rd, 1827. Eighteen months after this, by Mr. Galt's orders, I had the stump of that tree inclosed by a fence, though, I make no doubt, it has long since decayed. The name of the founder will, however, remain,—a better and more enduring memorial.

On my arrival, I drove up to the only tavern in the place, a small log-house, kept by one Philip Jones, an Englishman—or, rather, by his wife—a buxom, bustling body, who was, undoubtedly, the head of the establishment. In answer to my inquiry for lodgings, she courteously informed me that she had neither bed nor blanket, but what

* "This name was chosen in compliment to the royal family, both because I thought it auspicious in itself, and because I could not recollect that it had ever been before used in all the king's dominions."—Galt's "Autobiography."

was doubly occupied, and, moreover, that she was sure I could not obtain one in town, as every house was full of emigrants; but as the most of her lodgers would leave for the Huron tract on the morrow, she should be able and happy to accommodate me after their departure. With this promise I was obliged to be satisfied.

I might, perhaps, have succeeded in obtaining a share of a bed, but as I did not know what population I might gain, or, indeed, what might be the unpleasant results of such an arrangement, I preferred a hay-loft, in which I slept soundly till the break of day.

The superintendent and his staff arrived the next morning, when I was duly installed in my office. Mr. Galt's coach-house being unoccupied, I took immediate possession, and converted it into a very respectable store-house and office, till a building was completed for that purpose. I was thus fairly established as an *employé* in the service of the Canada Company.

The township of Guelph contains upwards of forty thousand acres of land, of a fair average quality, well timbered, and well watered. I believe the Company have disposed of all their saleable lots in this township. I was fully employed

the whole summer in constructing two bridges, one over the Speed, and the other over the Eramosa branch, and also in opening a good road to each. These bridges were built of cedar logs, and on a plan of my own, which Mr. Galt highly approved. I should, however, have preferred square timber, framed in bents, which, I think, would have been more durable, and better adapted for the stream they were intended to cross.

Amongst the men under my charge, I had two Mohawk Indians, both of whom were excellent choppers, and behaved themselves remarkably well. One of them was called Henhawk, and the other William Fish. The Mohawks are more civilized, and make better farmers than the Chippewas, and I think are a finer-looking race of men.*

My time passed pleasantly enough at Guelph, for I had plenty of work to do, and in all labour there is profit. And what could be better for a healthy, active young man than the

* Benjamin West, the celebrated American painter, on being shown the Apollo Belvidere, astonished a number of Italian cognoscenti by comparing that *chef d'œuvre* of ancient Greek art to a young Mohawk warrior. But the fine proportions of these savage warriors, and their free and graceful action, rendered the remark of this great artist a just and beautiful critique, and of a complimentary not a depreciating character.

employment of assisting in settling a new country?

The only drawback to my comfort was the temporary loss of the society of my wife; a pretty, sensible young woman, whose mental and personal charms had, since my union with her, formed the happiness of my life. We cannot, however, have every blessing at once, and I worked on cheerfully in the hope of getting things comfortably round me for my dear girl against the moment when she would join me.

Besides the services rendered to the Company, I performed *con amore* some gratuitous ones for the benefit of the township of Guelph, which will, doubtless, both surprise and astonish my readers. We had no medical man in Guelph for some months after my arrival, so, for want of a better, I was obliged to turn physician and surgeon, and soon became very skilful in bleeding and tooth-drawing, and, as I charged nothing, you may be sure I had plenty of customers. And so well-pleased was Dr. Dunlop with my proficiency, that he invariably sent all his patients to me.

I remember one time in particular, he came over to my office and inquired for me, when, on the store-porter telling him I had just gone out, he said,

"Tell him when he comes back, to take the calomel and jalap down to my house, and treat those Paisley bodies with a dose apiece."

"What! all of them, sir?"

"Yes, to be sure; they are but just arrived, and have got as fat as pigs on the voyage. Some of their bacon must be taken off, or with this heat we shall have them all sick on our hands. And tell him not to spare the jalap."

When I returned and heard the message, I literally obeyed his order by administering forty-two doses of various strengths to the men, women and children, designated by the Doctor as the "Paisley bodies."

This wholesale way of medical treatment was in this instance attended with a good effect; for there did not occur a single case of sickness amongst them during the summer.

Shortly after this, a medical man, a Mr. W——, applied for a town-lot and commenced practice. This gentleman was certainly a great oddity. He never had but two patients that I ever heard of, and they both died. The settlers used to call him the "mad doctor," and I believe not without good reason. He built a log-house without any door, his mode of entrance being through

a square hole he had cut out of the end of the house about six feet from the ground.

I walked over to his place one day to speak to him on some business, and found him very busy in his garden, driving into the ground a great quantity of short sticks.

I asked him "what all those sticks were for."

"Why you see, sir, I have planted part of my garden with Indian corn, and I am putting sticks down to mark the places where I have planted them."

A day or two afterwards I met him wearing his coat turned inside out, the rough seams and red-edging of which had a very curious effect. I inquired "what might be his reason for going about in such a costume?"

"Well, you see I call this my morning attire; in the evening I have nothing to do but turn my coat, and, lo! I am dressed; a very capital arrangement, and quite good enough for the Bush. Do not you think so?"

"As far as regards economy," I replied, "it may do well enough, and as you do not appear to care about being laughed at, your plan will answer: and who knows but that you may have the pleasure of introducing a new fashion into the colonies?"

Amongst other odd characters I had to deal with, was a Mr. W——, I believe a portrait and miniature painter by profession, who had travelled a good deal in Russia, and understood that language well. He purchased a lot of land from the company on the Waterloo-road, about a mile from the village. Under the ground-plot chosen by him to build on, he found there existed a good quarry of limestone; so he made up his mind to build a stone-house, although he had spent his last dollar, and his profession in a new and poor settlement would avail him little.

However, he went to work, excavating the stone which he had found when digging his cellar, for building the walls of his house: his only assistant in the undertaking was a delicate lady-like young woman, whom he had married in the United States, and brought here as a bride. He treated his unfortunate partner like a slave. She had to mix and carry all the mortar, and help him to raise the stone.

I often, on an evening, walked down to see how they were getting on with their job, and was quite astonished to find how well they progressed. But, at the same time, I pitied the poor wife exceedingly, whom the neighbours said he treated

very harshly, notwithstanding her conjugal devotion to him.

At the end of three months his creditors began to threaten him. His land was still unpaid for, and the walls of his house unfinished. When too late, he counted the cost of completion, and found his best plan was to take a Yankee leave, and clear out, leaving his unfinished home as a legacy to his creditors.

How to beat a retreat, and take his goods and chattels with him, without discovery, was a difficult matter. He, however, set his wits to work, and adopted the following plan, which, in theory, looked feasible enough, but, when put in practice, was found not quite so easy as he had anticipated.

He knew that the river Speed, which ran at the rear of his lot, after a course of fourteen or fifteen miles, debouched into the Grand River, and was, from thence, navigable for boats to Lake Erie, a distance of some seventy or eighty miles further. He, therefore, conceived the plan of building a small scow,* large enough to hold his wife, himself, and his effects, and silently drop-

* A long-shaped flat-bottomed boat of the same width the entire length, rising gently at each end, built of two-inch plank, and much used on shallow rivers and creeks.

ping down with the current, bade adieu to their sylvan retreat, and the great city of Guelph, which, however, he was destined to see again, much sooner than he expected.

He built his boat close to the river's edge, having, with the assistance of his wife, carried the planks down for that purpose. I suppose he took a lesson from Robinson Crusoe, not to build his scow too far from the water.

Everything being ready, the boat was launched and freighted, our hero in the stern, with steering paddle in hand, and his patient *compagnon de voyage* acting as bowman.

The Speed is a shallow, swift, running stream, seldom exceeding three feet in depth during the dry season. For the first mile they got on pretty well, till they came to a jam of drift wood; over this with great difficulty they hauled their scow; every few yards fresh obstructions occurred in the shape of snags, fallen trees, and drift wood, which caused them to upset twice before they had accomplished the second mile, till at last an extensive jam across the river many yards in length, put a complete barrier to their further advance.

Wet and weary, half the day gone, and no chance of proceeding down the stream, they de-

termined to retrace their course. This was not easy to accomplish, for the current was too swift to paddle against; so, tying a short piece of rope to the stem of the scow, he ordered his unfortunate wife to take the water and tow the boat, whilst he sat in state in the stern assisting with his paddle.

In the evening, I was walking out with my wife; and as we were passing I thought we would look in and see how their work progressed, when to my astonishment I saw Mrs. W—— sitting on a stone, weeping bitterly. I perceived at once that something extraordinary had occurred, for her dress was sadly torn and saturated with wet. Upon making an inquiry respecting her appearance, and the causes of her grief, she told me the sad story I have just related, adding, that they had only just got back from their expedition, and that all her clothes, bed, and blankets were wringing wet.

My wife, who had lately joined me, and was of a most kind disposition, always ready to help those in distress, offered her an asylum for a few days, and a change of apparel, which she thankfully accepted. Her brutal husband cleared out the next day, and she joined him the week following.

Some time afterwards, I was told that Mr W —— had committed suicide, goaded, doubtless to desperation by the ill usage of her partner, and the hardships she had to endure. As this, however, is only hearsay, I will not vouch for its truth; though from my knowledge of the parties I am afraid it was only too true.

CHAPTER XVI.

PORCUPINE-CATCHING.—HANDSOME BEHAVIOUR OF MR. GALT.—OWLINGALE.—INTRODUCTION TO THE SON OF THE CELEBRATED INDIAN CHIEF, BRANDT.—EXPEDITION TO WILMOT.—SHAM WOLVES.—NIGHT IN A BARN WITH DR. DUNLOP.—THE DOCTOR AND HIS SNUFF-BOX.—HIS BATH IN THE NITH.—LOUIS XVIII. AND HIS TABATIERE.—CAMP IN THE WOODS.—RETURN TO GUELPH.

One day, being out in the woods with an emigrant, examining a lot of land, I was attracted by the barking of my dog, who had treed some animal, which, upon coming up, I discovered was a porcupine. We cut down the tree, a small beech, in which he had taken refuge, and secured him alive. I did not notice my dog till I got home, when I found his mouth was full of quills, which the porcupine, in self-defence, had darted into him. The manner in which they accomplish this is, by striking the object that offends them with their tail, when the outside points of the quills, being finely barbed, if inserted ever so slightly, retain their hold, and are easily detached from the porcupine without pain.

I once lost a fine Irish greyhound, which was stuck full of quills in this way, although I pulled out hundreds of them from his mouth, head, and different parts of his body, with a pair of pincers. In fact, some of these barbs had worked into him nearly their whole length, so that I had a difficulty in getting hold of the end of the quills to extract them; and I have no doubt, as the dog died, that many of them had completely buried themselves in some vital part, and caused his death.

I took home my prize, and put it into a barrel in a dark corner of the store, which was half full of nails. A few minutes afterwards, Dr. Dunlop, as he often did, came in to see me, and drink a glass of cider, of which I had at that time some of excellent quality in bottle. The Doctor, as he said, used to "improve" it, making what he called, "a stone-fence," by inserting a small *soupçon* of brandy from a pocket-pistol, which he was too much in the habit of carrying about with him in hot weather.

"Now," said I, "Doctor, I know you like a bit of fun. When Fielding, the porter, comes in, ask him to go to that barrel in the corner and fetch you a nail; for I have got a live porcupine in it that I have just brought home from the woods."

The Doctor was mightily tickled with the

notice; so, as soon as poor Fielding made his appearance, he sent him off to the barrel. Quite unsuspiciously the man put in his hand for the nail, and as quickly drew it out again, with the addition of some half a score quills sticking to his fingers, to the no small delight of the Doctor, who greatly enjoyed Fielding's consternation, for the porter thought the devil himself was in the tub.

Every one who came into the store during the afternoon was served the same trick by the Doctor, and it was certainly amusing to watch their countenances and hear their remarks, those who showed the most anger being of course the most laughed at for their pains.

Shortly after, a Mr. Smith, an accountant, was sent out by the directors to examine the accounts, and report on the state of the Company's affairs in the colony. A few days after his arrival, he went round with the superintendent, and examined the works that had been completed, and those in progress. Mr. Galt and the accountant both expressed themselves much pleased with what I had done, especially with the bridge connecting the clergy-block (now called the township of Puslinch) with the town of Guelph.

In the afternoon, Mr. Smith called upon me and

said he was authorized by the superintendent to arrange with me as to the amount of salary I was to receive. He then informed me the amount that Mr. Galt had instructed him to offer me—a liberal income, and the use of a house rent-free, desiring him at the same time to express his satisfaction at the manner in which I had conducted the operations since my engagement with the Company, in which, he said, from what he had seen, he fully concurred.

As this result was entirely unsolicited by me, and as it was generally understood that the accountant had been sent out partly as a check on the superintendent, to prevent extravagant expenditure, I took this as a compliment paid by both to my abilities and integrity.

Several of the clerks had light neatly-made boats, in which we used to make excursions up the Speed for the purpose of trout-fishing. I think, without exception, this stream is the best for that species of fish I ever saw. I have frequently caught a pailful of these delicious trout in the space of two or three hours. For my own part, I found a small garden-worm the best bait; but one of our clerks, a Mr. Hodgett, was skilful with the fly, and consequently used to catch his fish in a more scientific manner.

My native county, Suffolk, with the exception of that part watered by the Waveney, is not famed for its fly-fishing: therefore I was no adept in the gentle art, but in ground-bait angling I consider myself no contemptible performer.

The small streams and creeks are so over-arched with trees in Canada, that it is almost impossible, except in odd spots, to make a cast with the fly without endangering your tackle.

The speckled trout in the river Speed vary in size from four ounces to a pound and a half, though it is seldom that one of the latter size is captured.

Guelph I consider to be remarkably healthy, and for an inland town very prettily situated. I think, however, that the town-plot was laid out on too large a scale—especially the market-place, which is large enough for a city containing fifty thousand inhabitants. I have not been there since 1832. It has since become the assize-town for the Wellington district, and consequently has greatly increased both in size and population.

Although I had been several months a resident in Guelph, I had neither seen nor heard a clergyman of the Established Church. Why are we always the last to send labourers into the vine-

yard? No sooner does a small village, composed of a mill, a black-smith's shop, and a few houses, spring up in the woods, than you find a Presbyterian, Methodist, or Baptist Church—or perhaps all three—settled there immediately. No wonder, then, that our church is losing ground when so little energy is displayed either in building churches or sending active and zealous men to preach the gospel.

The first person I heard preach in Guelph was a tailor, who had made a professional visit to the city, and who had the reputation of being considered a very eloquent man. Due notice having been given, a large congregation assembled to hear Mr. H——, who, to do him justice, was eloquent enough, though his sermon was all in his own praise from beginning to end.

He said that "he had once been a great infidel and an evil liver, but now he was converted, and was as good as he formerly had been wicked; and he hoped that all his hearers would take example from him and do as he had done—forsake the crooked paths and steadfastly follow the straight." After this autobiographical discourse was at length over, and a brother snip invited him to dinner, I was also honoured with an invitation, which my curiosity induced me to accept.

I found that the party consisted of a magistrate and his wife, from E——, the mad Doctor, and Mr. Y——, one of the Company's clerks. Our host-tailor, No. 1, took the head of the table; the preacher, tailor No. 2, sat at the foot. The dinner itself was quite a professional spread, and consisted of a fine fat roast goose at the top, and another at the bottom—a large dish of cabbage in the centre, and a plate of hard dumplings on each side. Mr. Y——, who sat opposite, gave me such a comical look when the second goose made its appearance, that I found it impossible to suppress my risibility, which, unfortunately for me, exploded just as the preacher—who, of course, mentally consigned me to perdition—commenced a long grace; but if the Governor-General himself had been present, I do not think I could have restrained my inclination to laugh.

The dinner was certainly excellent of its kind; and in a new settlement where nothing but salt pork and beef could be obtained, I might with truth say, that it was a great treat. After the cloth was removed, it was proposed by the magistrate's lady, that the company should sing a hymn, upon which the mad Doctor, who was considered the most pious, as well as the most scientific, singer

of the company, sang like an *owl*ingale, Pope's celebrated lines :—

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit, this mortal frame.

I am ashamed to say that I was obliged to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth to keep from laughing outright; and no wonder, for I never heard such an insane screeching in all my life.

In the course of the summer, Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul, visited Guelph, when the superintendent gave a public dinner at the Priory, to which I had the honour of an invitation. Amongst other guests was John Brandt, the chief of the Mohawks, and son of the celebrated chief whom Campbell the poet, in his "Gertrude of Wyoming," has stigmatized as—

"The monster, Brandt,
With all his howling, desolating band."

And again—

"Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe,
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth."

It is said that John Brandt was very angry when these lines were pointed out to him.*

On his health being drunk, he acknowledged the courtesy in a short but eloquent speech. He was not handsome, though rather a fine-looking man. I believe he died of cholera in 1832.

* Campbell subsequently made an apology to him.

One day, Dr. Dunlop came to my house, and informed me that I was to accompany him on an expedition to the township of Wilmot, joining the Huron tract, to examine the site, and make a report of the probable cost of building a bridge over the river Nith—or "Smith's Creek," as it was then called—one of the tributaries of the Grand River. "The accountant," he said, "has taken it into his head that he will accompany us; and, as he has never been in the Bush before, won't we put him through his facings before he gets back? that is all. Mind, and keep your eye on me. When I am ready to play him off, I will give the signal to you."

"Well, Doctor," said I, "if you will take the blame, I have no objection to the fun; but remember! I am a very young man, and if Mr. Smith should complain to the Company—"

"Oh, never fear," was his reply, "for I will make it all right with Galt, if he do. In the meantime, order my man to saddle the horses. Let the Cockney have the roan-mare. You can take your own pony; and do not forget to tell Hinds to bring the brandy. Should we have to camp out all-night, a small *soupçon* of the creature will do us no harm."

Everything being in readiness, we started about

two o'clock, P.M. Our route lay through the new settlement of Guelph and the fine townships of Upper and Lower Waterloo. This tract of land was originally bought and settled by a company of Dutch Pennsylvanians, upwards of fifty years ago. The Grand River, or Ouse, intersects these townships—a fine stream, spanned by several substantial bridges. This part of the country is densely populated and very fertile. The soil, for the most part, is a light rich loam.

As soon as we had crossed the open country, we entered a narrow bush-road, only just wide enough for two persons to ride abreast. It must be remembered that Smith was a very bad rider, and looked as if he had never been on horse-back before; for every time he rose in his saddle you could see his horse's head under him.

The Doctor now gave me the wink to fall into the rear; then riding up abreast of Smith, he commenced operations by slyly sticking his spur into the roan mare, exclaiming at the same time, "Come, man, if we don't push on a little, we shall not reach Blenheim to-night."

As soon as the roan mare felt the spur, off she went at a rattling pace, the Dr. keeping close along-side, and applying the spur whenever he could get a chance. At first, Smith tried hard

to pull in the mare; then he shouted to the Doctor to stop her; instead of which, the spur was only applied the sharper. At last, quite frightened, he seized the mane with both his hands. And then commenced a neck-and-neck race for nearly two miles—myself and the Doctor's man, John Hinds, bringing up the rear, and shouting with laughter. Smith was so frightened, and so intent on stopping his run-away steed, that he never suspected his persecutor who, looking quite grave, said, "He never remembered his roan running off in that extraordinary manner before; but," he added with a grin, "I suspect, Smith, she knew you were a Cockney."

After this exploit, we went on soberly enough, until we entered the township of Blenheim. We had still some distance to travel through a dense forest, before we should reach Springer's—a farm-house where we intended to stop all night, and where the Doctor kept a store of good things, under the charge of Mrs. Springer; for this was always his halting-place, on his various journeys to Goderich.

Darkness fell as we entered the Blenheim woods, and now the Doctor took the opportunity of asking me, "If I thought that I could howl? I expressed confidence in my abilities that way.

The Doctor then said, "Second any move of mine for pushing you on to Springer's. But mind," continued he, "you are to stop within half a mile of his clearing; and when you hear us coming, you must howl with all your might, and leave the rest to me."

After a while, when it was quite dark, so that we could scarcely see our horses' heads, the Doctor proposed that I should take Hind's, and "ride on as hard as we could, and tell Mrs. Springer to have supper ready for us; and," said he, "let the old man tap the whiskey I forwarded to his house last week. We will follow you at our leisure; for my friend is not used to travel after dark on such roads as these."

We accordingly rode on smartly, till we could perceive a slight glimmering of light through the trees, which we knew to be Springer's clearing. We then halted, one on each side of the road, but entirely concealed from view by the thick underbrush. As soon as we heard the party coming, we set up a most unearthly yell, which made the woods fairly ring again. We could hear the Doctor cry out, "The wolves! the wolves! ride for your life, man," and he then galloped off in the direction from which they had just come.

Poor Smith shouted after him at the top of his voice, imploring the Doctor, for God's sake, not to leave him. "Oh Lord!" we heard him say, as he rode after the Doctor, "I shall surely be devoured by the ravenous wretches. Help—help! Doctor—stop!" and such like piteous ejaculations.

The Doctor, who had riden ahead, as soon as he heard his victim approach, commenced in the same key as we had done before, and a dismal howling we all made. Fear now compelled poor Smith to wheel the mare round and ride back, whereupon we again greeted him with a second edition, even—if that were possible—more diabolical than the first, which terminated the fun sooner than we expected; for, losing all presence of mind, he let his steed get off the track into the woods, and, consequently, he was swept off by the branches. We heard him fall and roar for help, which we left the Doctor to administer, and made the best of our way to Springer's, where, half an hour after, we were joined by our fellow-travellers, one of whom had scarcely recovered from his fright, and still looked as pale as a ghost. Two or three glasses of whiskey-punch, however, soon restored him to his natural complexion.

I do not know if he ever found out the trick

we had so successfully played him; but if he did, he kept it to himself, rightly judging that if the story got wind he would never hear the last of it.

Springer had only one spare bed, which we resigned in favour of the accountant, as some little compensation for the fright he had sustained. The Doctor and I took possession of the barn, where we found plenty of fresh hay, which we infinitely preferred to the spare bed and its familiars. There we slept delightfully, till a chorus of cocks (or *roosters*, as the more delicate Americans would call them) awakened us from our repose, to the wrathful indignation of Dunlop, who anathematized them for "an unmusical ornithological set of fiends."

We made an early breakfast off fried sausages, and the never-failing ham and eggs, and were soon again in the saddle. We took the nearest road to Plum Creek, where we left our horses, and proceeded for the remaining four miles on foot, through a magnificent forest.

We were now in that part of the township of Wilmot belonging to the Canada Company, which did not then contain a single farm, but has been since completely settled. At length, we came to a narrow valley, some fifty or sixty feet below the level of the country through which we had

been travelling, in the centre of which flowed the Nith, sparkling in the sun : the wild grapes hanging in rich festoons from tree to tree, gave an air of rural beauty to the scene. For the convenience of foot-passengers, some good Samaritan had felled a tree directly across the stream, which at that place was not more than fifty feet wide. The current was swift, though not more than four or five feet deep.

Here a small misfortune happened to the Doctor, who was an inveterate snuff-taker, and carried a large box he called a coffin—I presume from its resemblance to that dreary receptacle.

While in the act of crossing the temporary bridge, and at the same time regaling his olfactory nerves with a pinch of the best Irish, his famous coffin slipped from his grasp and floated away majestically down the swift-flowing waters of the sylvan Nith.

The Doctor was a man of decision : he hesitated not even for a moment, but pitched himself headlong into the stream, from which he quickly emerged with his recovered treasure. It is but justice to my friend Dunlop, to remind the reader that his extravagant affection for his snuff-box is not without a parallel in history, since Louis XVIII. has recorded with his own royal hand an

attachment to his *tabatière*, equally eccentric and misplaced.

Scarcely had this Prince escaped three miles from Paris and its democrats, when, on putting his hand into his waistcoat-pocket, in order to take a consoling pinch, he missed his snuff-box, which, in his hurry, he had left upon his toilette, at the discretion of the mob. "Mon Dieu, ma tabatière!" was his horrified exclamation, as he deliberated for a moment upon a misfortune so overwhelming.

To go back to Paris was only to risk his life, while to proceed on his journey was to lose his snuff-box. His philo-tabatièrishness triumphed: he returned, snatched up his beloved box, and made it the companion of his flight; and, in all his vicissitudes, from exile to a throne, he considered the possession of his favourite *tabatière* as his principal consolation. The Doctor was no less rash than the French monarch, and in recovering his *tabatière* equally fortunate.

A good fire and some brandy soon made the Doctor all right again, after his cold bath in the Nith. We now prepared our camp for the night: this we had no trouble in doing, for we found plenty of poles and bark, which had been used by the labourers, whilst cutting out the road to the

Huron tract. The Doctor's man had brought a bundle of blankets and an axe, from Springer's, and I, like Dalgetty, carried the provender.

While Hinds was cooking the supper, I prepared our bed, by breaking a quantity of fine hemlock-brush to thatch the bottom of the camp, to keep us from the damp ground, which it did quite effectually. I have camped out, I dare say, hundreds of times, both in winter and summer; and I never caught cold yet. I recommend, from experience, a hemlock-bed, and hemlock-tea, with a dash of whiskey in it, merely to assist the flavour, as the best preventive.

The Doctor was in first-rate humour, and seemed determined to make a night of it; and even the Cockney appeared to enjoy himself amazingly. I knew, by the wicked eye of the Doctor, that he was bent on mischief. Hinds was kept busy after supper in making brandy-punch, the Doctor keeping us in a roar of laughter with his amusing anecdotes. I knew by the long Latin quotations that Smith indulged in, that he was fast verging on intoxication. For my part, tired and drowsy, I soon fell into a state of pleasing forgetulness, leaving my two companions in the middle of some learned discussion, the subject of which I have long forgotten.

In the morning we examined the proposed site for building the bridge, which we found presented no unusual difficulties. I have since been informed that excellent mills and a thriving village now occupy the very spot where we bivouacked on this memorable occasion.

At Plum Creek we again resumed our horses, and, at the village of Galt* we parted company. The Doctor and his man went on to Flamborough† West; whilst Smith and I returned to Guelph, which we reached a short time after dark, without inflicting on him any more adventures.

* Galt is a thriving town, situated on the west bank of the Grand River, in the township of Dumfries. The town-plot originally belonged to the Honourable William Dixon, who gave it that name in compliment to the superintendent of the Canada Company.

† One of the prettiest situations in Canada West, commanding a fine prospect of Ancaster and the surrounding country; and also the seat of the Hon. James Crooks.

CHAPTER XVII.

A NEW WAY OF KEEPING A BIRTHDAY.—LOST IN THE WOODS.—KINDNESS OF MR. GALT.—ADVICE TO NEW SETTLERS.—UNEXPECTED RETIREMENT OF MR. GALT.—I ACCOMPANY HIM TO THE LANDING-PLACE.—RECEIVE ORDERS TO LEAVE GUELPH FOR GODERICH.—WHIRLWINDS AT GUELPH AND DOURO.

THE 6th of November was my birthday, so I determined to give myself a holiday, and go out *still-hunting*. I had been told by some of the workmen that deer were very plentiful in the Clergy-block, so I started early in the morning without waiting for my regular breakfast, merely taking a biscuit, as I was too eager for the sport to have much appetite; besides, I intended to be home to an early dinner. The sky was overcast, and a few flakes of snow were falling, but I did not dislike these signs; for I prefer a little dampness on the leaves, which causes less noise from the tread—an important point to the hunter; for when the leaves are crisp and dry, it is useless to attempt approaching the deer, who are sure to hear you long before you get within range.

I considered myself a tolerably good woodsman, and was, therefore, not much afraid of being lost; but I reckoned without my host in this instance. After crossing the river, I proceeded for some distance along a hard-wood ridge, till I came to a thicket of brush-wood, out of which sprang three fine deer, a buck and two does. I fired at the buck as he scampered off, and had the satisfaction of finding blood on the track, which I followed for more than two miles. But I lost him at last in the middle of a cedar-swamp, owing to the quantity of soft snow, which was by this time falling heavily. I, therefore, thought it best to return home, and put off my hunt to a more propitious day.

On emerging from the swamp, which I did on the wrong side—for I had no sun to guide me—I saw a fine doe within fifty yards of me, feeding on the side of a hill. I thought I was sure of this one at any rate; but, in this also, I was woefully disappointed; for the powder in the pan of the lock had got damp by the wet snow, and only flashed in the pan. My gun had the old flint-lock, percussion-caps being then hardly known in the colonies.

My second disappointment decided me to return home. This, however, was sooner said

than done; for, after walking for more than two hours, I found I had lost my way, a conclusion as to which there could be no mistake. At first, I thought it would be best to take my back-track, but I found this would not answer; for the snow was melting as fast as it fell. I could not even avail myself of the common indications for finding my way, because the under-brush was still loaded with snow, so that it was quite impossible to see fifty yards in any direction.

Whilst I was debating what I had best do to extricate myself from this dilemma, I came upon a tolerably fresh blazed line, which I suspected was the boundary between the townships of Guelph and the Clergy-reserve-block of Puslinch. In this idea I was perfectly right; but the question now with me was, in which direction I should follow the line. After considering for some time, as ill-luck would have it, I took the wrong route, and, having walked at least three miles, came to the end of the blaze, where I found a surveyor's post, on which was legibly written, in red chalk, on each side, the names of the four townships, of which it was the corner-post; viz. Guelph, Puslinch, Nasagiweya, and Eramosa; and lower down on the post, "*seven miles and a half to Guelph.*" I had, therefore,

nothing for it, but to turn back on the line and retrace my steps. This I did in a smart run, for I saw the shades of night fast gathering around me.

In less than an hour I had passed the place where I first found the blaze, but soon after came to a windfall,* where I found it impossible to follow the line through. I was, therefore, compelled to leave the blaze—my only sure guide—which, however, I still hoped to re-find, by keeping round the edge of the windfall, till I again struck the line. Just before dark, I saw a partridge sitting—on a log, I believe. I fresh primed, and snapped half a dozen times at him, without effect, but the gun had got so wet, that at last I gave it up as a bad job; though I should have liked him very much for my supper, for which I had a ravenous appetite.

Presently, I came to a nice little spring creek running under some fine shady cedars. The ground looked dry and mossy; and as it was nearly dark, I thought the best thing I could do was to camp for the night, for I knew it was impossible to find my way after dark. I immediately collected a large quantity of dry balsam-fir, which lay about in great profusion, and chose a cluster of spreading cedars for my camp. After

* A heap of great trees blown down by the wind.

this, I piled a large heap of wood against one of the trees; and rubbing some dry cedar-bark quite fine, put it under my wood. In order to light my fire, I tore up a piece of a cotton handkerchief, which I laid over the pan of my gun, newly primed. Having fired the cotton in this manner, I enclosed it in the cedar-bark, keeping up the flame—not by using that primitive bellows, my mouth—but, by waving the bark to and fro, after the method used by the Indians. Thus, I soon had a large cheerful fire, which I much needed, for I was thoroughly wet.

My first care was to dry my gun and reload it, in case of wolves. Whilst I was busy doing this, I heard a shot, and then another; but the gunners were a long way off, as I knew by the sound—certainly not less than three miles; and as I was quite aware it was useless for me to attempt to make my way out, I contented myself with firing my gun in answer to their shots, which, not being repeated, I also ceased firing, though I had no doubt my neighbours were searching for me, but not near enough to find me out. However, I discovered the direction in which Guelph lay, by the sound of their volleys, so I did not despair, as I felt sure of being able to regain my home in the morning.

The snow soon ceased to fall, and the night came out fine and clear, though rather sharp. I had a famous fire, and slept tolerably well, though awaking occasionally with the cold; when I would replenish the fire and turn my chilled side to the blaze, by which means I managed to pass the night as well as I could expect under the circumstances, considering, too, that I had eaten nothing from six o'clock the previous morning.

By day-break, I was on my march in the direction in which I supposed Guelph to lie. The sun rose clear and bright, which enabled me to make a true course in half an hour; for I began to recognize ridges I had before traversed in former hunting excursions; and was soon confirmed in this opinion, by the firing of guns and blowing of horns in the direction I was going. In a few minutes, I heard two men in conversation, one of whom was a native of Somersetshire, living close to me. I stepped behind a large tree, directly in their path, when I heard my neighbour say to his companion—

"This is the way he generally takes; I will warrant we shall find he." At that instant, I fired my gun close to them, which made them start with surprise. They then informed me that Mr. Galt had sent out all the workmen in search

of me. This I was well-aware of, from the continual volleys which rang in all directions. We were soon out on the main-road leading to the bridge, where I found more than fifty of the inhabitants looking for me.

This birthday hunting excursion turned out anything but a frolic; for the result was, twenty-six hours' starvation and the loss of a fine buck; besides my being hungry, weary, and stiff, from sleeping all night in the woods. Moreover, in common gratitude, I was bound to treat my neighbours and the workmen sent to look for me, and the treat cost me five gallons of whiskey. To add to this chapter of accidents, two of the party who turned out to hunt for me in the woods, lost themselves, and spent the night in as disagreeable a manner as I had myself done.

I would advise all new settlers to provide themselves with a pocket-compass, which can be procured for a few shillings. This should be suspended round the neck by a ribbon, in the same manner as a watch—and I need not add that in the Bush it is of infinitely more use.

My employments in the Company's service often obliged me to leave home and take long journeys —fatiguing enough, indeed, they often were. But youth is the season of enterprise, and I

always have accustomed myself to look upon the bright side of everything, leaving to the grumblers the reverse of the picture, upon which I fear they are only too fond of dwelling. But I am sure a cheerful spirit is the best assistant in carrying a settler through every difficulty.

Early in the spring of 1829, I made a tour of the Newcastle district, selling land and receiving payments for the Company. Whilst so employed, I received a letter from the superintendent, informing me of his resignation, and appointing me to meet him in Toronto with what money I had collected.

I was very sorry to hear of Mr. Galt's retirement. He had always acted in a kind and liberal manner towards me; and, indeed, when he left the Company, I considered that I had lost a true and affectionate friend. I could not help, therefore, noticing with regret that, although most of the clerks belonging to the office were at that time in Toronto, only Dr. Dunlop, Mr. Reid * and myself accompanied Mr. Galt to the landing-place to see him depart and cry "God speed!" But this is the way of the world. Those who should be most grateful when

* Mr. Galt's friend and private secretary.

the hour of adversity dawns on their benefactor, are often the first to desert him.

On the same day the Doctor introduced me to one of our new Commissioners, Thomas Mercer Jones, Esq., a fine gentlemanly-looking person. The other Commissioner was the Hon. William Allen. These gentlemen were appointed by the directors to supersede Mr. Galt in the direction of the Company's affairs in Canada. On my return to Guelph, I received an intimation that I must prepare to take up my residence in Goderich, as my services in future would be required in the Huron tract.

A few days before my departure, I witnessed the most appalling land tornado (if so I may term it), I ever saw in my life. As this is a phenomenon seldom if ever witnessed in England, I think a particular description may possibly interest those readers who are unaccustomed to such eccentricities of Nature.

In my hunting excursions and rambles through the Upper Canadian forests, I had frequently met with extensive windfalls; and observed with some surprise that the fallen trees appeared to have been twisted off at the stumps, for they lay strewn in a succession of circles. I also remarked, that these windfalls were generally

narrow, and had the appearance of a wide road slashed through the forest.

From observations made at the time, and since confirmed, I have no doubt Colonel Reid's theory of storms is a correct one, viz. :—"That all wind-storms move in a circular direction, and the nearer the centre, the more violent the wind." Having seen the effects of several similar hurricanes since my residence in Canada West, I shall describe one which happened in the township of Guelph, during the early part of the summer of 1829.

The weather, for the season of the year (May) had been hot and sultry, with scarcely a breath of wind stirring. I had heard distant thunder from an early hour of the morning, which from the eastward is rather an unusual occurrence. About ten A.M. the sky had a most singular, I may say, a most awful appearance; presenting to the view a vast arch of rolling blackness, which seemed to gather strength and density as it approached the zenith. All at once the clouds began to work round in circles, as if chasing one another through the air. Suddenly, the dark arch of clouds appeared to break up into detached masses, whirling and eddying through each other in dreadful commotion. The forked lightning was incessant,

accompanied by heavy thunder. In a short space the clouds seemed to converge to a point, which approached very near the earth, still whirling with great rapidity directly under this point; and apparently from the midst of the woods arose a black column in the shape of a cone, which instantly joined itself to the depending cloud: the sight was now grand and awful in the extreme.

Let any one picture to the imagination a vast column of smoke of inky blackness reaching from earth to heaven, gyrating with fearful velocity; bright lightnings issuing from the vortex—the roar of the thunder—the rushing of the blast—the crashing of timber—the limbs of trees, leaves and rubbish, mingled with clouds of dust, whirling through the air—a faint idea is then given of the scene.

"Through all the sky arise outrageous storms,
And death stands threatening in a thousand forms;
Clouds charged with loud destruction drown the day,
And airy demons in wild whirlwinds play;
Thick thunder-claps, and lightnings' vivid glare
Disturb the sky, and trouble all the air."

I had ample time for observation as the hurricane commenced its desolating course about two miles from the town, through the centre of which it took its way, passing within fifty yards of the spot where a number of persons and

myself were standing watching its fearful progress. As the tornado approached, the trees seemed to fall like a pack of cards before its irresistible current. After passing through the clearing made around the town, the force of the wind gradually abated, and in a few minutes died away entirely.

As soon as the storm was over, I went to see what damage it had done. From the point where I first observed the black column to rise from the woods and join the cloud, the trees were twisted in every direction. A belt of timber had been levelled to the ground about two miles in length, and about one hundred yards in breadth: at the entrance of the town it crossed the river Speed, and up-rooted about six acres of wood which had been thinned out and left by Mr. Galt as an ornament to his house.

The Eremosa road was completely blocked up for nearly half a mile, in the wildest confusion possible. In its progress through the town, it unroofed several houses, levelled the fences to the ground, and entirely demolished a frame-barn: windows were dashed in, and in one instance the floor of a log-house was carried up through the roof. Some hair-breadth escapes occurred, but, luckily, no lives were lost.

About twelve years since, a storm of this kind occurred in the north part of the township of Douro, though of less magnitude. I heard an intelligent settler who resided some years in the township of Madoc state that, during his residence there, a similar hurricane to the one I have described, but of a more awful character, passed through a part of Marmora and Madoc, which had been traced in a north-easterly direction upwards of forty miles into the unsurveyed lands, the uniform width of which appeared to be upwards of three quarters of a mile.

It appears very evident that storms of this description have not been unfrequent in the wooded regions of Canada; and it becomes a matter of interesting consideration, whether the clearing of our immense forests will not, in a great measure, remove the cause of these phenomena.

Dark, heavy clouds were gathering in the west,
  Wrapping the forest in funereal gloom;
Onward they roll'd and rear'd each livid crest,
  Like death's murk shadows frowning o'er earth's tomb:
From out the inky womb of that deep night
  Burst livid flashes of electric flame:
Whirling and circling with terrific might,
  In wild confusion on the tempest came.
Nature, awakening from her still repose,
  Shudders responsive to the whirlwind's shock
Feels at her mighty heart convulsive throes;
  Her groaning forests to earth's bosom rock.

But, hark! what means that hollow rushing sound,
That breaks the sudden stillness of the morn?
Red forked lightnings fiercely glare around:
What crashing thunders on the winds are borne!
And see yon spiral column, black as night,
Rearing triumphantly its wreathing form;
Ruin 's abroad, and through the murky light,
Drear desolation marks the spirit of the storm.

* * * * * *

How changed the scene; the awful tempest 's o'er;
From dread array and elemental war
The lightning's flash hath ceased, the thunder's roar—
The glorious sun resumes his golden car.*

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* My description of this whirlwind, and the accompanying lines, have already appeared in the "Victoria Magazine," published in Canada West, under the signature of "Pioneer."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HURON TRACT.—JOURNAL OF DR. DUNLOP.—HIS HARDSHIPS.—I LEAVE GUELPH FOR GODERICH.—WANT OF ACCOMMODATION.—CURIOUS SUPPER.—REMARKABLE TREES.—THE BEVERLY OAK.—NOBLE BUTTER-WOOD TREES.—GODERICH.—FINE WHEAT CROP.—PURCHASE A LOG-HOUSE.—CONSTRUCTION OF A RAFT.

I HAD always wished to go to the Huron tract, whose fine lake, noble forests, and productive soil, have made it a source of wealth to many a settler. The climate too, was mild, and I had heard a great deal about it from my gifted and facetious friend Dr. Dunlop, whose services in exploring that part of their possessions were not only useful but inestimable to the Company, and, in fact, to emigration in general.

"Dr. Dunlop, the Warden of the Company's Woods and Forests, surveyed the great Huron tract in the summer of 1827, assisted by the Chief of the Mohawk nation, and Messrs. Sproat and MacDonald. They penetrated the huge untravelled wilderness in all directions, until they came out on the shores of the Huron, having

experienced and withstood every privation that wanderers can possibly be subject to in such places."*

The Doctor himself has given a very accurate account of the valuable resources of the Huron tract. He says in his journal—"I have already adverted to its nature and fertility, and think I may be justified in adding, such is the general excellence of the land, that if ordinary care can be taken to give each lot no more than its own share of any small swamp in its vicinity, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find two hundred acres together in the whole territory, that would make a bad farm. Although the land may be capable of raising any kind of produce usual in that country, yet some spots are more particularly advantageous for particular crops. The black ash-swales (a kind of swamp) make the best ground for hemp; as by the scourging effect of two or three crops, the ground will be made more fit for the raising of wheat, for which, in the original state, it is too strong. The rich meadows by the side of the rivers, (more especially such as are annually overflowed,) are ready without farther preparation, for tobacco, hemp, and flax. The lower meadows, and meadows adjoin-

* Mac Taggart's "Three Years in Canada."

ing Beaver dams, which are abundant, produce at this moment enormous quantities of natural hay and pasture; and the rest of the land, for the production of potatoes, Indian corn, wheat, and other grain, is at least equal, if not superior, to any other land in the Canadas. Independent of the swamps, the timber on the land is very soon described.

"The sugar-maple is the principal growth, and the size and height which it, as well as other trees, attains, sufficiently evince the strength and power of the soil. Next to this come the beech, elm, and bass-wood, in various proportions. In some instances, the beech and elm predominate over the maple, but this is rare. Near the streams the hemlock is found; and interspersed through the whole is the cherry, butter-nut, the different species of oak, and the birch." *

In exploring this, then unknown, wilderness, Dr. Dunlop encountered many difficulties, and was more than once in danger of starvation—though an Indian Mohawk Chief shared his risks and perils.† As he told a story admirably well, I was delighted to hear him discuss his peregrinations over a glass of brandy-punch, of which he was very fond. Whatever

* Mac Taggart's "Journal of Dr. Dunlop." † Ibid.

might have been his feelings at the time, he only made a joke of his trials at the period in which he related them to me.

I should have experienced some regret in quitting Guelph, if the society had been more to my taste. The only persons of education in that town were, in fact, the Company's officers, many of whom I might reasonably expect to meet again at Goderich. Of course, I found some exceptions, but the average was not in favour of Guelph. Besides, the water was an attraction to me, as my Suffolk home was within a short distance of the German Ocean. Brought up so near a sea-port, my natural inclinations made me dislike an inland situation; and if I were not going to have a sea-side residence, at least the shores of the mighty Huron Lake came the nearest to it in my estimation.

I left Guelph early in June with Mr. Prior, the Company's agent at Goderich. Our road after leaving Springer's in Blenheim lay through the township of Wilmot to the southern boundary of the Huron tract, and from thence nearly in a straight line to the town of Goderich at the mouth of the river Maitland, on Lake Huron, on our route for a distance of nearly seventy miles, being bounded on the east by the townships of North Easthope, Ellice, Logan, M'Killop, Hullett, and

the east part of Goderich to the west, by South Easthope, Downie, Fullarton, Hibbert, Tucker Smith, and the west part of Goderich.

This road was a mere sleigh-track through the woods, newly cut out, and rarely exceeding twelve feet in width. At this time we saw only three log-cabins during the whole way, these being about twenty miles apart from each other. These three were kept by Dutch or German emigrants, who supplied travellers with whiskey and provisions—when they had any—which was not always the case. Indeed, I can testify, to my sorrow, to the uncertainty of finding a decent table provided for guests by these foreigners; for I once had to stop at old Sebach's, the centre house, for the night, and being tired by a long day's march through the snow, I had calculated on making a capital supper. Not that I expected anything better than tea, fried pork and bread and butter, to which, hungry as I was, I should no doubt have done ample justice. Judge, then, of my astonishment and disappointment, when mine hostess placed before me a piece of dirty-looking Indian meal-bread, and a large cake of beef-tallow, and, to wash down this elegant repast, a dish of crust coffee without either milk or sugar, assuring me at the same time in her broken English, "That

she had nothing better in the house till the return of her husband, who had gone fifty miles to the mill and store for a supply of flour, groceries, and other fixings."

Not being a Russian, I rejected the tallow with disgust, and made but a sorry meal of the other delicacies.

On our route, we crossed several pretty streams, the principal of which are the Avon, then called the Little Thames, the Big Thames, and the Black Water. The Bayfield does not cross the road, though it makes a bend close to it, and within sight. I believe I am correct in saying, that we did not cross a single cedar-swamp from the time we entered the Huron tract * till we reached

* "This interesting portion of the Company's possessions contains a million of acres in one block, within the compass of which a bad farm could scarcely be found. The soil is a rich black loam, on clay or limestone; and as it is entirely timbered with the best kind of hard wood, no land in the Province is so well adapted for the manufacture of potash, an object of considerable importance to the industrious settler. It is bounded, for an extent of sixty miles, by Lake Huron; is a separate district; and Goderich, its principal town, where the district courts are held, is situated at the confluence of the river Maitland with Lake Huron, where it forms an admirable harbour. The population of the town is seven hundred, and there are several good stores and shops in it; mechanics carrying on some useful trades. There are also an episcopal church and other houses of religious worship, and a good school, where the higher branches of the classics are taught, as well as the more ordinary routine of education."—Statistics published by the Canada Company.

Goderich, a distance of sixty-seven miles. I consider this block the finest tract of land I ever travelled over in Canada West.

The land is well timbered with the best description of hard wood, amongst which is to be found in considerable abundance, the black cherry. This tree grows often to a large size, and is used extensively for furniture, particularly for dining-tables: if well made and polished, it is little inferior to mahogany, either in appearance or durability.

I remember, on this very journey, that Mr. Prior and myself were much struck by the size and magnificent appearance of one of these cherry-trees, which grew close to the road side, not far from the Big Thames. Two years afterwards, passing the same tree, I got out of my sleigh and measured the circumference as high as I could reach, which I found to be ten feet seven inches, and, I should think, it was not less than fifty feet in height from the ground to the first branch: it is a great pity to see such noble trees as these either burned or split up into fencing-rails.

I think the largest tree of the hard wood species I ever saw in this country, was near Bliss's Tavern, in the township of Beverly, and it was called

the Beverly-oak.* I was induced to visit this giant of the woods from the many accounts I had heard of its vast dimensions, and was, certainly, astonished at its size and symmetry. I measured it as accurately as I could about six feet from the ground, and found the diameter to be as nearly eleven feet as possible, the trunk rising like a majestic column towering upwards for sixty or seventy feet before branching off its mighty head. Mr. Galt, who was induced to visit this tree from my description has, in his "Autobiography," mentioned the height of the trunk from the ground to the branches, as eighty feet; but I think he has overrated it. I was accompanied to the tree by the landlord, who remarked, "that he calculated that he should cut that 'ere tree

* "On the road to Guelph, a short distance from Galt, there is an uncleared portion of the primeval forest, on the edge of the township of Beverly, where, in those days, a small tavern, convenient to rest the horses of travellers, was situated. One day, when I stopped at this house, while my horse was taking his corn, I strayed into the woods, not many hundred yards, and came to a tree, the most stupendous I had ever seen.

"At the first glance, the trunk reminded me of the London Monument, an effect of the amaze which the greatness of its dimensions produced. I measured its girth, however, at the height of a man from the ground. and it was thirty-three feet, above which the trunk rose without a branch to the height of at least eighty feet, crowned with vast branches.

"This was an oak, probably the greatest known, and it lifted its head far above the rest of the forest. The trees around, myr-

down some day, for he guessed it would make enough rails to fence the side of a ten acre field."

I replied, "Surely, you would not be such a Goth as to cut down such a splendid oak merely for fence-wood, when you have plenty of rail-timber which will answer that purpose equally well; and, besides, it may be the means of drawing customers to your tavern."

"I do not know what you mean by a Goth; but I do know, if I could get a cross-cut saw long enough to cut that tree, I would not let it stand there long; for you see it is mighty straight in the grain, and would split like a ribbon."

Thus was this gigantic specimen of the primeval forest preserved for a time, because there was not a saw long enough to cut it through in Canada. I dare say there are many old oaks in

midons of inferior growth, were large, massy, and vigorous, but possessed none of the patriarchal antiquity with which that magnificent 'monarch of the woods' was invested. I think, therefore, that I was not wrong in imagining it the scion of a forest that had passed away, the ancestral predecessor of the present woods.

"Had I been convinced it was perfectly sound, I would have taken measures for cutting it down and sending home planks of it to Windsor Castle. The fate that awaited it would have justified the profanation. The doubt of its soundness, however, and the difficulty of finding tools large enough to do it justice, procrastinated the period of its doom. I recommended the landlord of the tavern to direct his guests, from time to time, to inspect this Goliath of oaks."—Galt's "Autobiography."

England that exceed this in diameter; but I do not believe one is to be found whose length of trunk can be at all compared to it.

On the flats about a mile from the mouth of the Maitland, are some very large button-wood trees. There is one, in particular, growing near a fine spring of water, the circumference of which appeared very vast, though I did not measure it; but the tree was a complete shell, and had a sort of natural arched doorway, just high enough to admit a full-sized man. I was once inside this tree with Dr. Dunlop and eleven other persons, at the same time. The trunk of this tree forked at twelve or fourteen feet from the ground. There are several others of this species near to the one I have described, of very large growth, which apparently are sound, but not equalling it in size.

I left a noble oak-tree standing in the middle of one of my fields in the township of Douro, which I hoped I should have been able to preserve, as it was such a remarkably fine tree. It, however, was doomed to destruction; for in the summer of 1838, it was twice struck with lightning in the space of a week. The first time, the bark only was furrowed by the electric fluid, but at the second stroke it was split from the

top to the bottom, and thrown down by the violence of the shock. I measured this tree correctly, and found the diameter, twenty-four feet from the ground, to be five feet three inches. The length of the trunk was forty-eight feet up to the first branch, and it was perfectly sound to within three or four feet of the soil.

Generally speaking, the white or American pine, from its vast length of trunk, contains a larger number of cubic feet than any other tree in the Canadian forest. I have seen several of these pines sold for masts, the trunks of which were upwards of one hundred feet in length, and full three feet in diameter, a third of the way up from the butt-end. There is very little pine-timber on the Huron tract, which, though a disadvantage in regard to building, is all the better in respect to the land, hard wood being the best indication of a good soil.

I did not—as I have said—regret my transfer to Goderich, though that flourishing town was then in its infancy, the most unpleasant aspect in which any Canadian settlement can be viewed. Still, I am pleased that I have had the opportunity of tracing some of these important places from their dawn to their present prosperous condition.

I found the general aspect of the country level.

There is scarcely a rise of land sufficient to justify the appellation of hill from Wilmot to Goderich; but as you approach the lake, the land becomes more rolling, and better watered by fine spring streams.

I was quite delighted with the situation of Goderich, though the town-plot was only just surveyed. Three frame-houses were in process of building. A log-house, beautifully situated on a bold hill, overlooking the harbour, called by Dr. Dunlop, the Castle,* and a dozen or so of log-cabins, comprised the whole town of Goderich, most of the latter being inhabited by French Canadians and half-breeds. The upper town is situated on a fine cliff fronting the lake and harbour, and upwards of one hundred feet above the level of the water.

* "In the afternoon of the following day, we saw afar off, by our telescope, a small clearing in the forest, and on the brow of a rising ground a cottage delightfully situated. The appearance of such a sight in such a place was unexpected, and we had some debate, if it could be the location of Dr. Dunlop, who had guided the land-exploring party already alluded to. Nor were we left long in doubt; for on approaching the place we met a canoe, having on board a strange combination of Indians, velveteens and whiskers, and discovered within the roots of the red hair, the living features of the Doctor. About an hour after, having crossed the river's bar of eight feet, we came to a beautiful anchorage of fourteen feet water, in an uncommonly pleasant small basin. The place had been selected by the Doctor, and is now the site of the flourishing town of Goderich."—Galt's "Autobiography."

The lower town comprises a few acres of alluvial flat, only a few feet elevated above the river. This piece of land was destitute of trees or stumps, and had evidently been cleared many years ago by the Indians, who had cultivated it with Indian corn. I ploughed up this flat of land for the benefit of the Company, and sowed it with oats in the spring of '29 ; and, therefore, I can justly claim the honour—for the sake of which I did it—of putting the first plough into the ground of the Huron tract. I also put in four acres of wheat on the top of the hill near the castle, in the fall of the same year, the yield of which was upwards of forty bushels to the acre—a good yield for any country, especially when it is considered that at least one-twelfth of the ground may be fairly deducted for stumps of trees, stones, and other obstructions, usually found in all new clearings. I believe, however, I may say without exaggeration, that the Company's tract may safely challenge any other block of land of the same dimensions either in Canada East or West, for fertility of soil, average yield per acre, or healthiness of the climate.*

* "The Canada Company's Huron tract is known to be one of the most healthy and fertile settlements in Canada. The tract in the year 1842 contained 7101 souls. In June last year (1849), the Huron district numbered 20,450 souls, according to the official

I bought a small log-house and town-lot, or rather the good-will of them, from a French Canadian, putting myself in his place with the Company, with whom I completed the purchase. The situation was very pretty, commanding a fine view of the Lake. I immediately prepared to build a suitable house, to receive my wife and family, whom I had been under the necessity of leaving behind me in Guelph, till I could make suitable preparations to receive them here.

At this time, there was only one saw-mill* in the whole Company's tract, and that was ten miles up the river, situated near the mouth of a large creek, which flowed into the Maitland. This mill was built close to one of the finest pine-groves in the block.

reports, exclusive of the townships of Bosanquet and Williams. The Canada Company's tract now contains a population of 26,000 souls, showing an increase of 18,900, and that the population has nearly quadrupled itself in seven years—a progress of settlement of a tract of country scarcely exceeded in any part of North America."—"Information to Emigrants," by Frederick Widder, Esq.

* "In no situation can settlers be distant from a mill, as there are at convenient places distributed throughout the tract twelve grist-mills and twenty saw-mills, and the facilities for communication are very great; for seventeen of the townships are bounded on the one side by the great roads traversing the tract in two directions for one hundred miles in extent, and six of them are bounded by the Lake on the other side."—Statistics published by the Canada Company.

I hired a man, who had been a raftsman on the Delaware, to go with me by land up to the mill, for a few thousand feet of boards, that I required for my new house. It was only seven miles to the mill by a new cut-out sleigh-track, through the township of Goderich as far as the Falls, which we crossed by wading the river just above them, which at that time we were able to do, though not without some caution; for, although the spring-floods were considerably abated, the water ran with great rapidity, and in some places was up to our middles; but with the help of a strong setting-pole, we got over with safety.

We made our little raft in three cribs, of a thousand feet of boards in each crib, which we connected together by short pieces of scantling, which are bored near each end with a two-inch auger and strung on the corner-pickets of each crib, thus uniting them in one length. At each end of the raft, a long oar is securely fixed, in temporary rowlocks for that purpose.

The whole course of the river, from the mill to the harbour at Goderich, is a strong rapid: two perpendicular falls occur in its course to the lake. The Upper, or Big Fall, is about six feet, and the Little Fall three. We made a capital run down, though in plunging over the first Fall we were up

to our arm-pits in water. But our little raft rose gallantly to the surface; and we encountered no further difficulty.

I enjoyed my trip down the river amazingly. I do not know anything more delightful, when all goes well, than being borne over the foaming rapids at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour The channel of the Maitland is wide, and the banks picturesque. Our voyage did not exceed an hour, though the distance was above nine miles.

CHAPTER XIX.

MY NEW HOUSE AT GODERICH.—CARPENTRY AN ESSENTIAL ART.—AMERICAN ENERGY.—AGREEABLE VISITORS.—MY WIFE'S DISASTERS.—HINTS FOR ANGLERS.—THE NINE-MILE-CREEK FROLIC.—THE TEMPEST.—OUR SKIPPER AND HIS LEMON-PUNCH.—SHORT COMMONS.—CAMP IN THE WOODS.—RETURN ON FOOT.—LUDICROUS TERMINATION TO OUR FROLIC.

My new house at Goderich was constructed with cherry-logs neatly counter-hewed both inside and out, the interstices between the logs being nicely pointed with mortar. I had no upstair-rooms, excepting for stowage. The ground-story I divided into a parlour, kitchen, and three bed-rooms. After office-hours I used to work a good deal at the carpenter's bench—for I was always fond of it when a boy. I had made some useful observations, as well as tormenting our workmen on repairs at home, with the usual amount of mischief, and I now reaped the benefit of my juvenile experience. I was able to make the doors, and do nearly all the insidework of my house myself. Indeed, it is really essential for the well-

doing of the emigrant, that he, or some members of his family, should have some knowledge of carpentry—in fact, be a jack-of-all-trades; and, in that excellent profession, educated persons, healthy in mind and body, excel the most.

There is a very true saying, that necessity is the mother of invention, and in no country is it better exemplified than in Canada. The emigrant has there, especially when distant from a town or settlement, to make a hundred shifts, substituting wood for iron, in the construction of various articles, such as hinges for barn-door gates, stable and barn-shovels, and a variety of other contrivances whereby both money and time are saved.

I have often heard young men say, they "could not" do this or do that. "Did you ever try?" is a fair question to such people. I believe that many persons, with average capacities, can effect much more than they give themselves credit for. I had no more been bred a carpenter than a civil engineer, in which last capacity I was holding office satisfactorily. My education had consisted of Latin, Greek, and French, and the mathematics. My time had been spent in my own country; riding, shooting, boating, filled up with a little amateur gardening.

Want of energy is not the fault of the Ameri-

cans; they will dash at *everything*, and generally succeed. I had known them contract to do difficult jobs that required the skill of the engineer or regular architect, and accomplish them cleverly too, although they had never attempted anything of the kind before; and they generally completed their task to the satisfaction of the parties furnishing the contract. "I cannot do it" is a phrase not to be found in the Yankee vocabulary, I guess.

It is astonishing how a few years' residence in Canada or the United States brightens the intellects of the labouring classes. The reason is quite obvious. The agricultural population of England are born and die in their own parishes, seldom or never looking out into a world of which they know nothing. Thus, they become too local in their ideas, are awake to nought but the one business they have been brought up to follow; they have indeed no motive to improve their general knowledge.

But place the honest and industrious peasant in Canada, and, no matter how ignorant he may be, when he sees that by his perseverance and industry he will in a short time better his situation in life, and most likely become the possessor of a freehold, this motive for exertion will call

forth the best energies of his mind, which had hitherto, for want of a proper stimulus, lain dormant. Having to act and think for himself, and being better acquainted with the world, he soon becomes a theoretical as well as a practical man, and consequently a cleverer and more enlightened person, than he was before in his hopeless servitude in the mother-country.

When I left Guelph, I had arranged with my wife that as soon as I could get the new house ready, I would send for her. I did not think that this could possibly be done before sleighing-time, as the newly-cut road was almost impassable for waggons. Judge, then, of my surprise when, on returning home from the store-house one day, I noticed the door of my log-cabin open, and saw a lovely curly-headed child sitting in the doorway. I could hardly believe my eyes—it was my own little Maria. My dear little boy had remained at Douro with my wife's sister Eliza, of whom he was so fond that my wife did not like to separate such friends from each other. On my entrance I found my wife surrounded by a pile of luggage, laughing heartily at my astonishment.

She told me, she felt so lonely that she determined to brave all the dangers of the road in order to join me. Accordingly, she hired a settler

who was the owner of a waggon and a yoke of oxen, which she loaded with the most useful articles we required—bedding and bed-clothes, &c.,—reserving room in the waggon for herself, the child, and nursemaid.

During the whole of the first day's journey and part of the next, all went on smoothly enough, their route lying through settlements; but as soon as they entered the newly-cut road their difficulties commenced, and before they had traversed five miles, the waggon was twice upset. This so alarmed my poor wife, on account of the baby, that she durst not ride another step of the way, although the travellers had still upwards of sixty miles to go. Moreover, she was obliged to carry the child the entire distance; for the teamster had enough to do to look after and guide his cattle, and the servant girl was too young and too tired to render much assistance.

Fifteen miles a day was the outside distance they could persuade the oxen to travel, consequently, they were compelled to camp out two nights out of the six in which they were on the road. Luckily, the weather was dry and warm. At night the musquitoes were dreadfully annoying, as my poor little Maria's neck and arms too plainly showed.

During the afternoon of the second day, when within six miles of Trifogle's tavern, their intended resting-place for the night, they were overtaken by a man who was going in the same direction, who very politely—as my wife thought—offered to carry her baby part of the way. She was, of course, very glad to avail herself of his kind offer; nor did she perceive, till after he had got possession of the bairn, that he was intoxicated. She immediately demanded back her little treasure, but no inducement could persuade him to relinquish it, and he set off with the infant as fast as he could. In vain the poor mother besought him to stop—in vain she sobbed and cried. On he went, followed by my Mary, who found great difficulty in keeping up with him, which she did at first, till, at length, exhausted by the unusual fatigue, maternal anxiety, and the roughness of the road, she lost sight of him when about a mile from the tavern. He had walked off with his little burden.

She was now dreadfully alarmed, for night was fast coming on, and she did not know whether she was on the right track or not. Fortunately, a light through the trees extricated her from this dilemma: her only uneasiness was now for her child. She was soon, however, relieved

from this uncertainty; for, on entering the house, there sat the man with the baby on his knee. The child appeared to be on very friendly terms with him, and had, no doubt, enjoyed herself amazingly while her bearer was running away with her.

He at once restored the child to her mother's arms, observing, "that he hoped she would give him the price of a quart of whiskey for his trouble, for the child was main heavy, God bless her."

My wife, of course, did not dispute the payment. She was only too glad to recover her little pet, whom she took good care not again to trust to masculine keeping, however tired she might be. So Maria remained safely in her mother's arms, for the remainder of the journey.

At length, when down-hearted and weary, the bright waters of the Huron gladdened their eyes, on the morning of the sixth day, and a few minutes afterwards they took possession of my log-cabin, and gave me the happy surprise already recorded.

"I wonder you were not afraid of encountering such hardships, and even danger, in travelling so many miles through the wild woods and on foot, and with that heavy child to carry in your

arms," was my remark to my enterprising wife. She replied, "that there had certainly been more difficulties than she had anticipated; but had they been double, it would not have prevented her from joining me." So much for woman's love and devotion.

During the summer months, we were plentifully supplied with fish. On some days the harbour appeared to swarm with them. When the sun shone brightly, you could see hundreds lying near the surface. There was no difficulty in catching them, for the moment you threw in your bait, you had a fish on your hook.

In the early part of the season, I used to make an imitation mouse of a piece of musk-rat fur. This is a killing bait for trolling either for black bass or maskilonge—as the season advances, a red and white rag, or a small green-frog. But the best bait for the larger fish, such as salmon-trout and maskilonge, is a piece of brass, or copper, about the shape and size of the bowl of a table-spoon, with a large hook soldered upon the narrow end. If properly made, and drawn fast through the water, it will spin round and glitter, and thus is sure to attract the fish. I have caught hundreds by this method, and can therefore recommend it as the most certain. Your trolling

line, which is attached to your left arm, should not be less than eighty or a hundred feet in length, and sufficiently leaded to sink the bait three or four feet beneath the surface, this line following the canoe as you paddle it swiftly through the water.

The scenery up the Maitland, from the harbour's mouth to the flats, or natural meadows, two miles from the lake, is very pretty and interesting. I think it would be difficult to find for a summer residence a more charming situation than the town of Goderich, and I might say with equal confidence, a more healthy one. The water is excellent, and the town-plot abounds with copious springs.

About a mile from the town, there is one of the largest and purest springs of the coldest and best water I ever drank. It gushes out of the side of a hill, and rushes down the declivity with great swiftness over its pebbly bed, till it is joined in its course, a few yards below the hill, by another spring of nearly equal size, within half a mile of its source, turning a grist-mill on its way to swell the waters of the Maitland.

Nine miles up the lake-shore, east of Goderich, a fine little stream empties its bright waters into the mighty Huron. A party of us had often ex-

pressed a wish to explore the outlet of this stream, and at length a day was fixed for the expedition. As we intended merely to pass one night at the river, and return the next day, we only supplied ourselves with as much provisions and grog as would last for that time—a great mistake, as it afterwards proved. However, I will not anticipate.

A large piece-log canoe was furnished by Mr. W. F. Gooding, our Goderich store-keeper, who was one of the party, which consisted of nine persons, including myself. All things being in readiness, Mr. Fullarton was dubbed Captain for the occasion. At an early hour one fine sunny morning in June, we stood out of the harbour with a light breeze, having rigged up two blankets as sprit-sails. They answered very well, as long as we had any wind, which, however, unfortunately soon died entirely away.

"Come, boys," said the Captain, "this won't do. We must raise a white-ash-breeze (meaning that we must have recourse to our paddles) or we shall not see the Nine-Mile Creek this day, I can tell you." The impetus given to our canoe by the vigorous application of eight paddles, independent of our steersman, made the De Witt Clinton (the name of our canoe) fly through the water, which

was now as calm as a mirror. After the wind fell, the heat was intense; and, towards noon, huge double-headed thunder-clouds showed themselves, slowly emerging out of the still waters of the Huron, far away to the north-west—a certain indication of a thunder-storm and change of wind.

About noon, we entered the creek by a very narrow channel, not ten feet in width. Indeed, the lake has choked up the entrance of the little harbour with sand and gravel, which, the water, descending the creek in summer-time, is not sufficient to disperse. I think, however, by clearing out, and piling the channel, and erecting two piers a short distance from each other, carried out upon the lake, and curving towards each other, until only sufficient space is left between them for the entrance of steam-boats and schooners, it might yet be made navigable. The harbour at Cobourg has been built something on this plan, which answers tolerably well; but if it had had a creek only the size of this I am describing, it would have been much better, as the current is a great help in clearing out the sand and gravel.

On crossing the bar, we found ourselves in a snug little basin, sufficiently deep for a vessel drawing six or seven feet water. We landed on

a little peninsula, between the lake and the harbour, and commenced operations for cooking.

After dinner, we paddled through the harbour, and up the river, as far as we could go, which was only a very short distance, the navigation being interrupted by a pretty fall of water, which tumbled from ledge to ledge, like a succession of stone stairs, stretching from bank to bank across the stream, and forming, as the Americans would say, an elegant mill-privilege.

Since I left Goderich, a township, called Ashfield, has been laid out north of the Company's township of Colborne; the principal place of which is the village of Port Albert—the very spot we went to explore.

What a difference a few years make in a new country like Canada! With the aid of a compass, or by following the course of some unknown stream, with much toil and difficulty we make our way back for miles, through dense forests, swamps, and creeks; scale the rocky precipice, or launch the light bark-canoe on some far distant lake. We travel the same route twenty-five years afterwards, and the forests have bowed their lofty heads—the swamps are drained—the rivers bridged, and the steamer ploughs the inland wave, where shortly before glided the canoe of the

hunter. Such is no over-coloured picture. I have seen it in my day realized many a time. The Huron tract, and the county of Peterborough, are the proofs of my assertion; and various other settlements I could name, would equally bear me out.

But to return to our expedition—or as I might with greater truth say—our *pic-nic*, for we did little else than paddle up and down the creek, ramble about the falls, and eat and drink whenever we felt inclined. In this manner we spent the first day; till the coming night, and the distant growl of the thunder, warned us to prepare for our night-bivouac.

One of our party, Mr. Brewster—the professor, as we generally called him—from the circumstance of his being a near relation of Sir David Brewster, the talented author of "Natural Magic," had a small tent-cloth with him, but not sufficiently large for the whole party. It was, therefore, determined that four of us should sleep under the canoe, and the remaining five under the tent. Quite a contention now arose between us, as to who should be the favoured possessors of the tent.

Not liking the appearance of the weather, I resigned any pretensions I might have had to

the canvas, knowing the canoe was, from its length and size, capable of effectually sheltering four persons. We, accordingly, turned the canoe bottom upwards, and raised one side of it sufficiently high to allow us to creep under. To keep it in that position, we supported the raised edge on some forked sticks; and a quantity of hemlock brush and fern, spread evenly under it, made as good a bed as I would care to sleep on in hot weather. Our companions pitched their tent close beside us, so that we might be more sociable. After supper, we amused ourselves by singing songs, telling stories, and—if the truth must be told—drinking whiskey-punch.

The lightning was now incessant, illuminating the harbour and lake, and revealing dark masses of clouds, piled upon one another in endless succession. Few spectacles are more grand than the coming storm, or more awful when it bursts in its wildest fury. Such was its appalling character on this night. For the last hour I had been watching its progress, and admiring the brilliant forked lightning, and listening to the deep-toned thunder, which woke the lone echoes of the wood-crowned heights.

A few large drops of rain warned us to seek the friendly shelter of our respective camps. I had

just settled myself snugly, when our skipper came to me with a jug of lemon-punch fresh mixed. I declined taking any more. He was too old a stager, however, to be put off that way, and was proceeding to show me the necessity of taking a night-cap, when he was saved all the trouble of any farther solicitation, and me of refusal, by a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a succession of deafening reports. At the same instant, the wind burst upon us like a whirlwind, prostrating in its irresistible fury our unfortunate skipper, punch, and all. As for the tent, it was whisked half across the harbour, in one blast, and the unfortunate inmates were left exposed to all the pelting of the pitiless storm, which raged with unmitigated violence till the dawn of day. We made room under the canoe for the professor and our skipper, the utmost we could accommodate. The three remaining unfortunate fellows were left to brave the tempest as they best might.

The next morning, the lake was white with breakers. The storm of the preceding night had brought a strong north-wester in its train, so that we found it impossible to launch our canoe—and, indeed, if we had, it would have been unsafe to have attempted the passage therein; there

was nothing else for us but patience. But the worst part of the business was, that we had barely sufficient provisions for breakfast, and what the professor said—"Was worse than all—there was not a single horn of whiskey left in the jar."

The merchant and three of our party now determined to take the woods, and endeavour to reach Goderich by that route, leaving us to follow with the canoe if the wind should fall, of which, however, there appeared but little chance.

It now became expedient that we should look out for food of some description, as there was no doubt we should have to pass another night. On examining the state of our larder, we found that our whole stock consisted of half a loaf of bread, and a few ounces of sugar—rather short commons for four hungry men, even for a single meal.

We had no gun with us, or any fishing-lines. I had, it is true, a spear, but there was too much wind to fish in the harbour. Luckily, I bethought myself of the falls up the creek, where there was a pool sheltered by the woods. Thither we went with the canoe, and succeeded in spearing a number of suckers, which are, without exception, the softest and worst of all Canadian fish, especially in the hot months; but even bad

suckers are better than nothing. Our first starvation-dinner consisted of a dish of boiled fish, a little bread, and a cup of hemlock-tea; our supper, boiled fish without bread, and hemlock-tea without sugar.

To amuse ourselves, we built a nice camp on a wooded point overlooking the harbour, and arranged everything comfortably to pass the night; and, although we had such bad commons, we were merry enough, considering we had nothing stronger to drink than hemlock-tea.

In the morning, as appearances were no better in respect to the weather, and as we were heartily sick of boiled suckers, we determined to do—as some of our party had done previously—take the bush-route for Goderich.

Accordingly, we crossed the harbour in the canoe, which we hid amongst the bushes, and commenced our journey along the lake-shore. In some places we found tolerably good walking, while in others we were compelled to mount the cliffs to avoid the break of the surges, where headlands jutted out into the lake. For the most part, however, we were enabled to travel upon natural terraces about half way up the bank, which I should think averages nearly one hundred feet in height.

To our great delight, we discovered an abundance of fine wild strawberries, the largest and most delicious I had ever seen. We found this a very seasonable refreshment. The day was fine, and we enjoyed the prospect, which, viewed from some of the highest points of land, was truly magnificent.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we reached Goderich, weary and half-starved. Thus ended our memorable pic-nic to the Nine-Mile Creek.

CHAPTER XX.

CHOICE OF A LOCATION.—THE COMPANY'S LANDS.—CROWN LANDS.—TABLES PUBLISHED BY THE CANADA COMPANY.—PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENT OF THE HURON TRACT.

AFTER twenty-seven years' residence in Canada West, it may be reasonably inferred that I am justly entitled, from my long experience, to give a fair opinion as to the best chances of location at present available to the emigrant.

On mature consideration, I must give the preference to the Huron tract, as affording a greater facility for settlement, and this for three reasons. First, on account of the excellent roads constructed by the Company—an inestimable boon, which none but the early pioneer can fully appreciate. Secondly, because of the excellent quality of the soil, which is remarkably free from surface-stone, that every old settler knows is both troublesome and expensive to clear away. And, thirdly the low price of these lands, and the facility of

payment. Indeed, their system of leasing affords the poor man every chance. I shall copy a table of the yearly rent of farms leased on this plan by the Company, for the information of those of my readers who contemplate emigrating to Canada West. The present price of the Company's lands in the Huron tract, is from 12*s.* 6*d.* to 20*s.* currency per acre.

The Company dispose of their lands, according to quality and situation, for ready cash, or by lease for a term of ten years. In the latter case no money is required to be paid down, the lease being granted upon the following terms :—

	s.	*d.*			£	*s.*	*d.*	
100 acres, at	2	0	per acre,	ann. rent	0	10	0	and no more.
„	3	6	„	„	0	12	0	„
„	5	0	„	„	0	18	0	„
„	6	3	„	„	1	4	0	„
„	7	6	„	„	1	10	0	„
„	8	9	„	„	1	17	6	„
„	10	0	„	„	2	5	0	„
„	11	3	„	„	2	12	0	„
„	12	6	„	„	3	0	0	„
„	13	9	„	„	3	7	6	„
„	16	3	„	„	3	15	0	„
„	17	6	„	„	4	2	6	„

The rent is payable on the first day of February in each year, full power being reserved to the settler to purchase the freehold, and take his deed for the land he occupies, at any time during

the lease, an arrangement, of course, saving all future payment of rent.

Many persons unacquainted with the country, might object to pay from twelve shillings and sixpence to twenty shillings for the Company's lands, when they see that the Government price on the wild lands belonging to the Crown, in most townships, is only eight shillings per acre.

However, they must recollect, that all the choice lands belonging to the Crown have long since been located; and unless the emigrant is prepared to go back into the remote townships, he cannot expect to get land as good as that belonging to the Canada Company.

Indeed, the only Crown-lands which could at all compete with the Company's lands are the townships lately surveyed north of the Huron track to the River Saugeen, and the new settlements of Owen's Sound and the Queen's-Bush.

In a report, drawn up and published by Daniel Lizars, clerk of the peace for the united counties of Huron, Perth, and Bruce, May, 1851, he says,—

"In this favoured portion of the province of Upper Canada, blest with a salubrious climate and a fertile soil, watered with crystal springs and brooks in every direction, reposing upon a

table-land whose natural drainage flows uninterruptedly onwards to the streams and great rivers which intersect it in every quarter towards the noble Huron, or Lake St. Clair; the energies of the people have been steadily devoted to practical progress and improvement; having, in the short period above alluded to, brought upwards of eighty thousand acres of the wilderness into cultivation, erected five thousand dwelling-houses, fifty-six schools, fourteen churches, twelve grist-mills, with nineteen run of stores, five oat and barley-mills, five distilleries, two breweries, eight tanneries, and twenty-four pot and pearl-ash factories."

"Among other matters which crowned their industry in 1850, I may state the following productions:—

Wheat	292,949 bushels.
Barley	13,012 „
Rye	2,181 „
Oats	215,415 „
Peas	54,657 „
Indian Corn	5,352 „
Potatoes	210,913 „
Buck-wheat	673 „
Mangel-wurzel	297 „
Turnips	143,725 „
Hay	12,823 tons.
Flax or Hemp	7,359 pounds.
Maple Sugar	351,721 „

Wool	54,347 pounds.
Fulled Cloth	10,303 yards.
Linen, or Cotton Cloth	1,197 „
Flannel, or other unfulled Cloth	41,397 „
Cheese for Market	7,761 pounds.
Butter for Market	58,873 „
Beef, or Pork for Market	1,308 barrels.

"And they further rejoice in the possession of the following stock :—

Neat Cattle	26,260
Horses	2,646
Sheep	20,022
Hogs	14,655

"The above gratifying examples speak loudly for the industry of the settlers; and where hired labour can, with difficulty, be obtained at a high remuneration, notwithstanding the yearly increased ratio of new comers, and, moreover, where all are diligently employed in the onward march to happiness and independence, we may truly be thankful to a superintending Providence, that prosperity is in the ascendant."

Mr. Lizars states in another part of his Report, that the population of the Huron district

In 1841, was	5,600		
In 1847, six years afterwards	16,641	increase	11,043
In 1848, one year do.	20,450	„	3,807
In 1850, two years do.	26,933	„	6,483

According to this ratio of increase, we may

safely infer the population at the present time (1852), to exceed thirty-two thousand souls; an increase almost incredible; as, upon reference to Smith's Work on Canada, it will be found that the Huron district has made more rapid progress since its first settlement in 1827, than Lower Canada did in one hundred and four years; its population then being (in 1721), 24,511.

Many contradictory statements have been made and published in respect to what is the real actual grain average of Canada West. My own opinion is, that even could a truthful average be obtained, it would throw very little light on the real capability of the land—and for this reason. One-half of the emigrants who settle upon land in Canada, and adopt cultivation as their employment, are weavers, tinkers, tailors, sailors, and twenty other trades and professions. It must be the work of years to convert such settlers into good practical farmers. In such cases, how can a fair yield be extracted from land ignorantly cultivated? But I will venture to affirm, that wherever good farming is in practice, as good an average yield will be obtained, as in any country in the world.

"The following average of ten years for the Huron tract, has been published:—Wheat, 25

bushels; barley, 30 bushels; oats, 40 bushels; rye, 30 bushels; potatoes, 250 bushels per acre. Swedish turnips, mangel-wurzel, and other roots of a similar kind, are not yet sufficiently cultivated, to enable an average yield to be given; but it may very safely be said, that, with similar care, culture, and attention, the produce will not be less per acre than in England. Indeed, it may be said with truth to apply to every grain except beans, which do not thrive well in the Canadian climate."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE KING PROCLAIMED IN THE BUSH. — FETE AND BALL IN THE EVENING. — MY YANKEE FELLOW-TRAVELLER. — AWFUL STORM. —MY LONELY JOURNEY.—MAGICAL EFFECT OF A NAME.

I WAS busy in the storehouse one afternoon, when Mr. Prior entered with a newspaper in his hand, which he had just received from the old country.

"I see by this paper, Strickland, that George IV. is dead; and that his Majesty King William IV. has been proclaimed. Now, I think, we must give the workmen a holiday on this memorable occasion."

"In what manner do you intend to celebrate the day?" was my rejoinder.

"I have been thinking," he replied, "of making a litte fête, and inviting all the settlers within reach to assemble on the Button-wood Flats. We will have some refreshments served round; and if the day is fine, I have no doubt we shall enjoy ourselves much."

Due notice having been given, upon the appointed day every-one within ten miles assembled on the Flats, dressed in their best attire; and ready to show their loyalty in any way Mr. Prior might think proper to recommend.

As soon as the squire made his appearance, he ascended a large stump; and, in a patriotic and loyal speech, informed us "that he had called this meeting to hear him proclaim his most gracious Majesty King William IV."

He then read the proclamation, which was received with nine rounds of British cheers. Our party then formed a large circle by joining hands; and sang the national anthem, accompanied by the Goderich band, which was composed of two fiddles and a tambourine. "Rule Britannia" for our sailor-king was also played and sung—I was going to say in good style, but at all events with great loyalty and enthusiasm.

As soon as this ceremony was over, a pail of whiskey, with a tea-cup floating on the surface, was handed round, followed by another pail containing spring-water. Every person present drank his Majesty's health; even the fair sex, on this propitious occasion, did not disdain to moisten their pretty lips with the beverage.

The eating and drinking part of the festival

now commenced in earnest, We had seated ourselves on the grass, under the shade of four or five immense button-wood trees, which effectually sheltered us from the scorching rays of the sun. In the centre of the group, the union-jack of Old-England waved gracefully above our heads—

> "The flag that braved a thousand years
> The battle and the breeze."

As soon as we had eaten and drunk to our satisfaction, a dance was proposed and acceded to by the party. The band struck up "The Wind Shakes the Barley :" country dances, Scotch reels, and "French fours," were kept up with great spirit on the level turf—"All under the greenwood tree."

> "For all that day to the rebeck gay
> They danced with frolicsome swains."

Those of our party who did not patronize the dance, amused themselves with ball-playing and a variety of old English games.

The day was lovely ; and the spot chosen for our sports is one of the most beautiful natural meadows I ever beheld. We kept our fête in honour of King William on a smooth green semi-circular meadow, of large extent, ornamented

here-and-there with clumps of magnificent button-wood trees.* Towards the north, skirting the meadow, a steep bank rises in the form of an amphitheatre, thickly-wooded—tree above tree, from the base to the crown of the ridge. The rapid waters of the Maitland form the southern and western boundary of this charming spot,—then not a little enhanced by the merry groups which dotted the surface of the meadow, and woke its lone echoes with music and song.

I was much amused by a Yankee mill-wright, who had contracted to build a large grist-mill for the Company, both in Guelph and Goderich. He appeared enchanted with the whole day's proceedings.

"I do declare," he said, "if this don't almost put me in mind of the 4th of July. Why, you Britishers make as much fuss proclaiming your king as we do celebrating our anniversary of Independence. Well, it does me good to look at you. I vow if I don't feel quite loyal. Come, let us drink the old gentleman's health agin. I guess, I feel as dry as a sand-bank after so much hollering."

The setting sun warned us to discontinue our

* Both the wood and the growth of this tree greatly resemble the sycamore.

pastime and prepare for a move. Before doing so, however, the squire again came forward, and after thanking us for our attendance, loyalty, &c., he proposed "we should give three cheers more for the King, and three for Queen Adelaide," which were given with all the power of our lungs, not a little aided by sundry potations imbibed by the loyal in drinking their Majesties' healths during the day's proceeding.

Three cheers were then given for the Canada Company, three for the Commissioners, and three for the old Doctor. Thus terminated the proclamation of our sovereign in the Bush.

Mr. Prior had kindly issued invitations to the *élite* to a ball and supper at Reid's Hotel, which was well attended. The refreshments were excellent, the supper capital; and the dancing was kept up with great spirit till day-light warned us to depart.

The next day, I started for Guelph with the Yankee mill-wright, whom I found a clever, shrewd man. He told me he had travelled over a great part of the Western States and Canada; but in all his wanderings he had never seen a section of country, of the same size, that pleased him equal to the Huron tract.

"I guess, when this country of your'n is once

cleared up, and good roads made, and the creeks bridged, there won't be such another place in all creation."

"What makes you think so?" I enquired.

"Wal, just look what a fine frontage you have on that 'ere big pond (he meant Lake Huron) and good harbours and land that can't be beat not no how. All you want is 'to go a-head,' and you may take my word for it that this will be the garden of Canada yet."

We had only one horse between us, which belonged to the Doctor, so that we were obliged to ride turn about. In this manner we got on pretty well, so that by four o'clock we were within two miles of old Sebach's. The day had been excessively hot, and for the last hour we had heard distant thunder. We, therefore, pushed on with redoubled energy, in hopes of escaping the storm.

Ever since I had witnessed the devastating effects of the whirlwind which passed through Guelph, and which I have described in a previous chapter, I had a dread of being exposed in the woods to the fury of such a tempest. In this instance, however, we had the good fortune to reach the shanty just as the rain commenced; and well for us it proved that we had gained a shelter for ourselves and steed; for I seldom

witnessed a more terrific storm. The lightning was awful, accompanied by the loudest thunder I ever heard. The volleys of heavy hail-stones on the shingled roof, together with the rushing sound of the wind, and the crash of falling trees, made it impossible for us to hear a word that was said. Indeed, I did not feel much inclined for conversation; for I could not help meditating on the peril we had escaped. Had the storm commenced an hour or two earlier or later, we should have been exposed to its utmost fury, as there was no place of refuge nearer than twenty miles either way.

To show the terrible danger we had avoided, I counted a hundred and seventy-six large trees that had fallen across the road between Sebach's and Trifogle's—a distance not exceeding twenty miles.

What a contrast this road now presents to what it was when I used to be in the habit of travelling over it! I remember, once having been sent on some important business to the settlement, which admitted of no delay. It was late in November; the snow had fallen unusually early, and there was no horse then to be procured at Goderich; so that I was obliged to walk without even a companion to cheer the solitary way. I found the walking exceedingly laborious: the

snow was fully a foot deep and unbroken, save by the foot-marks of some lonely traveller.

I was very curious to learn who the person could be who had been necessitated to take such a long journey through the wilderness alone. The second day of my journey, my curiosity was gratified by seeing the name of the person written in large characters in the snow. I stopped and read it with much interest: it was that of a Scotchman I knew,—one James Haliday. After reading that name, it appeared as if half the loneliness of the road was gone; for I knew from the freshness of the track, that a human being was travelling on the same path, and that he was, perhaps, not far ahead.

Not many minutes after this occurrence, whilst descending a slight hill, I saw nine fine deer cross the road, within a short gun-shot of the spot where I stood. I had no gun with me; for I thought, if I did kill a deer, I should be obliged to leave it in the woods. Nothing further occurred till within a short distance of Trifogle's, when a large wolf bounded close past me: he seemed, however, the more frightened of the two, which I was not at all sorry to perceive.

When I arrived at the tavern, I told Trifogle what I had seen. He said, it was very lucky I

had not fallen in with the pack; for only the night before he had gone to a beaver-meadow, about two miles distant, to look for his working oxen which had strayed, when he was surrounded by the whole pack of wolves, and was obliged "to tree," to save his bacon. He was, it seems, kept for more than three hours in that uncomfortable fix before he durst venture down—"when he made tracks," as the Yankees say, "for hum pretty considerably smart, I guess."

My solitary journey was performed in the fall of 1830: at the present time (1853) you may travel at your ease in a stage-coach and four horses, with taverns every few miles, and more villages on the road than formerly there were houses. Such are the changes that a few short years have produced in this fast-rising country!

CHAPTER XXII.

VISIT OF THE PASSENGER-PIGEON TO THE CANADAS. — CANADIAN BLACKBIRDS. — BREEDING-PLACES OF THE PASSENGER-PIGEONS. — SQUIRRELS.

THE passenger-pigeon* visits the Canadas in the early spring-months, and during August, in immense flocks, bringing with them an agreeable change in the diet of the settler.

Persons unacquainted with the country and the gregarious habits of this lovely bird, are apt to doubt the accounts they have heard or read respecting their vast numbers: since my return to England I have repeatedly been questioned upon the subject. In answer to these queries, I can only say that, in some parts of the province, early in the spring and directly after wheat-harvest, their numbers are incredible. Some days they commence flying as soon as it is light in

* The passenger-pigeon is not so large as the wild pigeon of Europe. It is slender in form, having a very long forked tail. Its plumage is a bluish-grey, and it has a lovely pink breast. It is, indeed, a very elegant bird.

the morning, and continue, flock after flock, till sun-down. To calculate the sum-total of birds passing even on one day, appears to be impossible. I think, the greatest masses fly near the shores of the great Canadian lakes, and sometimes so low, that they may be easily killed with a horse-pistol, or even knocked down with a long pole.

During the first spring in which I resided at Goderich, the store-keeper was out of shot, and the pigeons happened to be uncommonly numerous. I had a large fowling-piece with a wide bore; so I tried a charge of fine shingle off the beach at the first flock that came within close range, and had the satisfaction of bagging seven birds at the first shot—indeed, it was almost impossible to miss them, they flew in such thick clouds. I have frequently killed on the stubbles, from twenty to thirty at one shot.

Directly after the wheat is carted, the pigeons alight on the stubble in vast flocks. As they are chiefly the young broods, they are very easily approached: the sportsman should creep up behind them; for they are so intent on feeding, that they will seldom notice his approach till he is within fair range of them.

The hindmost ranks are continually rising from

the ground, and dropping in front of the others. This is the proper time to fire, just as the hind-rank are a couple or three feet from the ground; firing the second barrel as the whole flock takes flight.

In the vicinity of the towns, sometimes a regular *battue* takes place, when all kind of fire-arms are in requisition, from the old Tower musket to the celebrated Joe Manton.

In July, the pigeons feed a great deal on wild berries, such as raspberries, huckle-berries, blue-berries, and a variety of other kinds. Many people would naturally think that such vast flocks of birds would alight on the standing grain, and destroy the crop: such, however, is not the case. Sometimes, during the seed-time in the spring, they are a little troublesome; but I have never known them alight on the ripening grain. The Canadian blackbirds are far more destructive in that particular—especially that species with the orange-bar across the wings. These birds alight on the Indian corn crops and oats in such numbers, that they do a great deal of damage, particularly the oats, which they break down by their weight.

There is another kind of blackbird, smaller than the former, and speckled very much like a

starling. Indeed, I believe it is a species of that bird; for it frequents marshes, and lodges amongst the reeds at night. This bird is also destructive in the corn-fields.

There is yet a third species of blackbird, larger than either of the above, whose colour is of a glossy blue-black, very like our rooks. These birds are just as troublesome as the rest; but it must be admitted that they destroy an immense quantity of caterpillars and grubs. They are easily frightened away by firing a few shots. There is, however, no doubt but that they are a greater plague to the farmers than the pigeons: besides, the latter are excellent eating.

I once accompanied the Doctor on an exploring expedition through the tract. We encamped close to a breeding-place of these birds, when we were kept awake all night by the noise they made. Sometimes, too, a limb of a tree would break with the weight of the birds which had alighted on it, when there would be such a fluttering and flapping of wings, as made it impossible for us to sleep.

Towards morning, the sound of their departure to their feeding-grounds resembled thunder. For nearly two hours there was one incessant roar, as flock after flock took its departure eastward. The ground under the trees was whitened with their

excrement, and strewn with broken branches of trees.

The Americans have a plan of capturing these birds, by means of a decoy, or stool-pigeon, and nets. Thousands are often taken in this way during seed-time in the spring. When I first resided in the township of Douro, the pigeons used to be very plentiful at that time, their chief breeding-place being in the township of Fenelon, in a direct line west from my residence, some forty or fifty miles. And yet, soon after day-light, they would be passing eastward over my clearing, so vast is their swiftness and strength on the wing.

It is a curious fact that, although thousands passed daily for many days in succession, yet not one of them returned by the same route they went. I have been informed that this breeding-place has been deserted for several years, owing to the settlements having approached too near to please the winged possessors.

This satisfactorily accounts for the decrease I have noticed amongst these feathered denizens of the forest, during the last seven or eight years. In consequence of their having been disturbed, they have sought a more remote breeding-place. I am not at all certain whether this decrease is

general through the province; but I feel quite convinced that, as civilization increases, all kinds of birds and wild animals will become less numerous, with the exception of crows and mice, which are greatly on the increase. Rats also have been imported, and appear to thrive well in the towns; though, I am happy to say, they have not found their way into my township yet—and long may they be ignorant of my location.

There is also another animal, which I think is more numerous than formerly—I mean the black squirrel. These pretty little creatures are very destructive amongst the Indian-corn crops. I have seen them carrying off a whole cob of corn at once, which I will be bound to say was quite as heavy as themselves.

The form of this animal is very elegant; the colour jet black—with a large bushy tail: the fur, however, is too open to be of any value. The flesh is excellent eating, far superior to that of the rabbit. In a good nut-season, in the western part of the province, the quantity of these animals is almost incredible.

I have heard old hunters say that, if the squirrels are numerous in the summer, the bears will be plenty in the fall, and also that their numbers give a sure indication of a severe winter. This

saying, I believe to be true; because neither the squirrels nor bears are plentiful, unless there is an abundant supply of beech-mast, butter-nuts, hickory-nuts, &c., which Providence has kindly provided in more superabundant quantity on the approach of a longer and severer winter than usual.

Besides the *Niger*, or black squirrel, there are three other species in Canada West; first, the *Cinereus*, or grey squirrel, which is larger than the black squirrel. Its fur is something better, but the animal is not near so numerous. Secondly, the *Ruber*, or red squirrel, smaller than the last, but equally destructive.

The chitmunck, or *Siriatus*, or ground squirrel, is much smaller and more mischievous than any of the former species. The ridge of the back is marked with a black stripe; the sides are of a reddish yellow, spotted with white; the feet and legs pale red; the eyes black and projecting. These pretty little creatures never run up trees, unless they are pursued. They burrow and form their habitations under ground with two entrances. During the maize-harvest, they fill their mouths so full of corn that their cheeks distend to the size of a hen's egg. The chitmunck sometimes inhabits hollow trees and logs.

I have frequently cut down trees in which they had deposited their winter-store, to the amount of half-a-bushel of beech-mast, Indian corn, and grain of different descriptions. It is a very curious circumstance that, before storing away for the winter, they carefully skin every beech-nut.

Towards the spring, when the days begin to be a little warm, they leave their winter-holes and enter the barns—compelled, most probably, by the failure of their winter-store. Great numbers are then destroyed by the cats. Their fur is of little value, and their flesh uneatable.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE REBEL, VON-EGMOND, THE FIRST AGRICULTURAL SETTLER ON THE HURON.—CUTTING THE FIRST SHEAF.

THE celebrated Anthony J. W. G. Von Egmond, who commanded the rebels at Gallows Hill during Mackenzie's rebellion, was the first agricultural settler on the Huron tract. He had formerly been a Colonel in the old Imperial Army; and after Buonaparte's abdication and retirement to Elba, he joined the Allies, and held the rank of an officer in one of the Belgian regiments at Waterloo.

He was a pushing, clever sort of man; and had he but been contented, and stuck to his last, instead of troubling his head about politics, he would, in all probability, have become one of the richest and most independent farmers in the Huron tract.

Within the short period of twenty months, Von Egmond had chopped and cleared, fit for a crop, nearly a hundred acres of land, fifty of

which were sown wheat. As this was the first field ripe in the tract, the old man determined to celebrate the event by asking some of the gentlemen connected with the Canada Company to dinner, and to witness the cutting of the first sheaf.

Thomas Mercer Jones, Esq., one of the Company's Commissioners, Dr. Dunlop, Mr. Prior, the Professor, and myself, composed the party on this important occasion. As the distance was little short of eighteen miles through the Bush, and we had no way of getting there — except by walking — it was arranged that we should start the day previous, and sleep all night at Von Egmond's.

Accordingly, we left Goderich about eleven o'clock, A.M., by the newly cut-out road, through the forest. I wonder what our English friends would think of walking in their shirt-sleeves, with their coats and neckcloths thrown over their arms, eighteen miles to a dinner-party, with the thermometer ranging something like 90° in the shade.

The day was hot, though not unpleasantly so; for the leafy screen above our heads effectually protected us from the scorching rays of

a July sun, which would otherwise have been very oppressive.

The musquitoes were particularly civil—indeed the reign of these gentlemen was nearly over for the season. They begin to be troublesome in the middle of May. From the 1st of June to the middle of July, they are in the very height of their impertinence ; and, although they have not sufficient strength in their proboscis to penetrate a top-boot, yet they easily pierce through a summer coat and shirt, and a wee bit into the skin beneath. From the middle of July to the middle of August, they become much less venomous ; and are then only annoying for an hour or so in the evening, in the woods or marshes. By the 1st of September, they finally disappear for the season.

Our long road was considerably shortened by the amusing stories and anecdotes of the Doctor, who kept us in good humour during the whole journey. Nearly mid-way between Goderich and Von Egmond's, a small rill crosses the road : here we stopped for an hour, and refreshed ourselves with beef-sandwiches and brandy and water—no bad things in the Bush.

Close by the side of this little stream was a

small log-shanty, which had been erected by the people who had been employed by the men cutting out the new road, which, from this to the southern boundary of the Huron tract, was already cleared out, the full width of sixty-six feet, preparatory to its being turnpiked.*

We reached our destination about five o'clock, where we were received with every mark of respect and hospitality. We were shown upstairs into a newly-finished room—the only apartment as yet completed in the tavern old Von Egmond was building. Here we found an excellent supper ready for us, to which, after a walk of eighteen miles, you may be sure we did ample justice.

In the morning, we walked over the farm with the old Colonel, and were much gratified by seeing the prosperous condition of the crops, which argued well for the goodness of the land. I think I never saw a finer crop of oats, or better promise for turnips, in my life. The wheat also looked extremely well. It was certainly an interesting sight, after walking for miles through

* This is merely an American term for a road which has been ploughed on each side, and the earth, so raised, thrown up in the centre by the means of a road-scraper, or turnpike shovel, worked either with horses or oxen. A road engineer or surveyor would call this grading, preparatory to gravelling or planking.

a dense forest, suddenly to emerge from the wooded solitude upon a sea of waving grain, white for the harvest.

"The Harvest! the Harvest! how fair on each plain
It waves in its golden luxuriance of grain!
The wealth of a nation is spread on the ground,
And the year with its joyful abundance is crowned.
The barley is whitening on upland and lea,
And the oat-locks are drooping, all graceful to see;
Like the long yellow hair of a beautiful maid,
When it flows on the breezes, unloosed from the braid.

"The Harvest! the Harvest! how brightly the sun
Looks down on the prospect! its toils are begun;
And the wheat-sheaves so thick on the valleys are piled,
That the land in its glorious profusion has smiled.
The reaper has shouted the furrows among;
In the midst of his labour he breaks into song;
And the light-hearted gleaners, forgetful of care,
Laugh loud, and exult as they gather their share.*

About noonday, we all proceeded to the harvest-field, headed by our host and his lady, and her fair daughters. As soon as we arrived at the scene of action, a sickle was placed in the hands of Madame Von Egmond; and she was requested to cut and bind the first sheaf of wheat ever harvested in the Huron tract—an honour of which any person might be justly proud.

"Lord! thou hast blessed the people,
And made the plant of bread

---

* Agnes Strickland.

To spring, where'er beneath thine eye
Fair Nature's carpet spread.
Earth's thirst drank in thy freshening rain,
Earth's bosom wooed thy sun,
Beautiful grew the golden grain,
Like prize of labour won!"

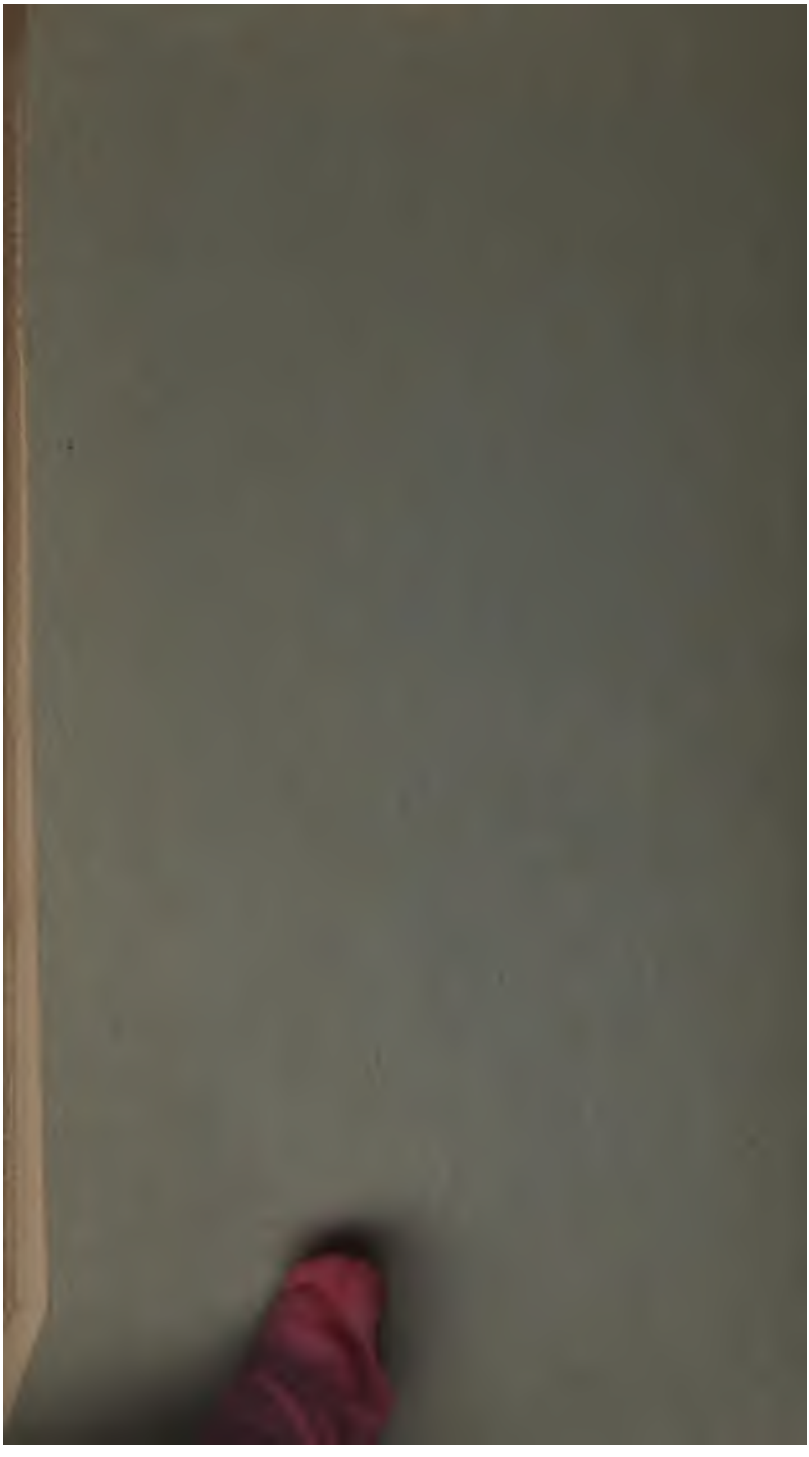
What were the red battle-fields of Napoleon, in comparison to this bloodless victory, won over the forests of the Huron! The sight of that first sheaf, cut by the gentle hand of woman, was one that angels rejoiced to see; while the fruits of his conquests were such as might well make "the seraphs weep."

Madame Von Egmond handled her sickle something better than a mere amateur, which make us conjecture it was not the first sheaf she had ever cut and bound. As soon as this interesting ceremony was over, we gave three hearty cheers for the Canada Company. A horn of whiskey was served round, in which we pledged our host and hostess, and drank success to the settlement.

On our return to the house, we found a capital dinner awaiting us. Indeed, the old soldier had spared neither pains nor expense in providing handsomely on the occasion. After the cloth was removed, a nice dessert was laid out, consisting of almonds and raisins, oranges, and red and black raspberries. The two latter dishes are

easily procured, for they grow more plentifully in the angles of the snake-fences in Canada than blackberries do in England. They are a delicious fruit, and particularly grateful in a hot day to the weary traveller.

I need hardly describe our evening's entertainment, save that "we ate, drank, and were merry." Indeed, it would have been difficult to be otherwise with Doctor Dunlop as one of our companions.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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